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YORICK BLUMENFELD

THE WRETCHED OF MARTINIQUE **PETER GEISMAR**

KEVIN SULLIVAN: ***Oscar Wilde***

JOHN McDERMOTT: ***Christopher Lasch and the New Left***

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LETTERS

poor fools

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Anatol Rapoport, in his new translation of *Clausewitz on War*, closes his introduction as follows: "The Neo-Clausewitzians cannot be seen as sinister figures but only as bizarre ones. In the name of realism, they perpetuate an obsolete collective state of mind which has brought humanity to the brink of disaster. What is unfolding is not a tragedy but a ghastly farce."

Which reminds me of the story of Sam and Vanya (known to game theorists as "The Prisoner's Dilemma").

There lived in a certain community, two very strong men. Sam and Vanya. Of the two, Sam was undoubtedly very much the stronger, since he was quite able to kill a dozen like Vanya. Vanya was not that strong; still, he could kill a half dozen like Sam.

It happened that Sam and Vanya began to fight. As the struggle wore on, each of them began to realize that if it continued, they would both surely die, for there was, after all, only one Vanya, not a dozen, and only one Sam, not six.

So, as they stood with their arms grappling each other, Sam gasped: "Vanya, this is insane; we're both through if we don't stop fighting." Vanya, too breathless to reply, simply nodded. "Vanya," Sam went on, "I'll let go of you if you will let go of me." Again Vanya nodded. "Then, let go," said Sam. Vanya shook his head and whispered, "You first." "No," shouted Sam, "you will surely kill me and everything I have will be yours alone." And it dawned on Sam that Vanya was thinking the very same thing about him.

Poor Sam! Poor Vanya! *Jacob Goldberg*

same zip

New York City

DEAR SIRS: If you write to the White House you get a reply from the Pentagon. If you write to the Pentagon you get a reply from the White House. It happened to me recently. Apparently those in power in Washington no longer make any distinction between the civilian and military departments of the Executive branch of our government. . . . Official Presidential statements provide the maximum of ambiguity, and when clarification is requested the Pentagon answers for the White House, and the White House answers for the Pentagon, and both reply in terms of official Presidential statements.

The name of *this* game is: Illusional Democracy.

Helen Mears

who teaches the teachers?

Lafayette, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: Ivor Kraft's review, "Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power" (*The Nation*, May 26), constitutes a fair and damaging attack upon the American educational system. I would, however, suggest one correction. As the fourth major problem which American education must solve, Dr. Kraft lists "mediocrity among America's 2.5 million teachers," but my own experience indicates that such is only a half-truth. Teachers on the whole are utterly devoted to and capable of teaching exactly as they have been taught to teach; the problem is that they have been extremely well-taught to teach *poorly*. As an educator, Dr. Kraft should be aware of this, and aware as well of the responsibility which men in his position bear for such a condition. The final source of educational mediocrity is to be found among those who teach the teachers.

James D. Wright, Project Assistant
Wabash Valley Education Center

EDITORIALS

The Two Presidents

The differences between the Nixon-Thieu conference at Midway and the earlier confabulations between President Johnson and our South Vietnamese wards are largely in matters of style. The Johnson-Ky meeting, for instance, was about as impromptu as anything of the sort could be, and was carried on with a maximum of synthetic drama—the long arm of the big President flung around the shoulder of the little President, exuberant promises of early victory, visits to the troops and exhortations to nail the coonskin to the wall, and like hoopla. Nixon presents himself in the role which he and his press agents favor—that of the dignified but benevolent chairman of the board, pondering stern things and ever mindful of his responsibilities. But if the styles are different, the policies are much the same.

Both Thieu and Nixon preceded their meeting with clouds of verbiage designed to burnish their respective images among the home folks and to confound their critics. Thieu tried to forge a South Asian propaganda axis based on everlasting hostility to communism. Nixon, stepping out of his role as the moderate man, declared his allegiance to the military-industrial complex and blasted liberal Democrats and Republicans alike. After the short meeting at Midway the "two Presidents," as the White House loves to refer to them, issued a long and completely uninformative communiqué.

The big news—that there would be American troop withdrawals—had been disclosed weeks earlier, but the estimate of 50,000 men, or two divisions at full strength, turned out to be high. Mr. Nixon decided that a single division, less than 5 per cent of American troop strength in South Vietnam, would be enough to convince the American people of his zeal for peace. This force will be shipped in August to nearby island bases, whence it can be returned to duty in South Vietnam should the combat eagerness of the ARVN forces prove overrated.

Commenting on the troop withdrawals, Thieu said it will "be good news for the American people that Vietnamese forces replace United States combat forces." He expressed gratitude for the sacrifices the American people "have accepted and continue to accept"—the second part of the clause, it is safe to conclude, being closer to his heart. "We will never forget," he added, "that blood and human lives are precious."

The "two Presidents" could not have gone all that distance for such an exchange of platitudes; some business must have been transacted at their meeting and the discussions of their civilian aides—some of whom, it is interesting to note, came arrayed in semi-military jackets with epaulets on the shoulders, the Presidential seal above the right breast pocket, and the wearer's name (H. Kissinger, for example) stenciled on the left. The crux of it was, should there be a coalition government before a special election? That is what the NLF and the

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North Vietnamese want, lest the election be rigged, as all South Vietnamese elections have been in the last twenty years. And that, Thieu and his hawks in the military and legislative branches have made abundantly clear on numerous occasions, is what they particularly do not want. On this point Thieu got enough to satisfy his backers, one may assume, or at least enough to make them feel that it was the best that could be expected. In the words of the communiqué, the "two Presidents" reiterated "their common resolve to reject any attempt to impose upon the republic of Vietnam any system or program or any particular form of government, such as coalition, without regard to the will of the people of South Vietnam"—a will expressed, of course, through President Thieu.

Thus the "two Presidents" walked through their parts, made their gestures and parted. Perhaps some steps were taken in private that will get the Paris negotiations moving, but that seems unlikely, since the chief obstacle is the Thieu-Ky government itself, and the Nixon Administration shows no signs of willingness to pull the rug from under this assemblage of militarists, speculators, profiteers and plain crooks. Their pretensions to represent the people of Vietnam are exposed by the inflation, one of the most uncontrolled in any country since World War II. For several years, prices have risen about 30 per cent every twelve months and are continuing to rise. In an effort to halt the spiral, American officials withheld some $40 million in American aid during April and May, but they were careful to explain that this was only by way of remonstrance, since there was enough money in the pipe line so that all the South Vietnamese officals had to do was to promise, for what it may be worth, to reduce luxury imports and try to make the rich pay taxes.

As he returned from the meeting which Mr. Thieu so ardently desired, Mr. Nixon faced the problem which brought Mr. Johnson down and which remains in substantially the same shape: the delay grows more ominous the more it is prolonged. As Robert B. Semple wrote in *The New York Times* (June 8), the war "is gradually becoming 'Nixon's war,' in the sense that he has accepted the operational responsiblity for it." Not only that, but in his speech at the Air Force Academy he threw down the gauntlet to his critics. The polls indicate that his popularity has not waned much, but that can change rapidly. No doubt he is aware of his dilemma, but can he get out of it? Unfortunately the United States is in the same dilemma, and only the President has the power to take the necessary steps. The process will be painful, but procrastination will not make it less so.

Political Amnesia

Rap Brown said that violence was as American as cherry pie, and from a hundred thousand throats sprang the cry: "It's not so." But now, in twenty-two chapters where Brown used seven words, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence confirms what he said, and enlarges on the reasons.

The fact that, in the commission's view, we are "a

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rather bloody-minded people in both action and reaction" has been obscured by "a kind of historical amnesia." Perhaps, since this obscuration is still very much with us, it would be better to call it "political amnesia." We would like to think we are a peace-loving people; at the same time we insist on venting our hostility on any individual or nation that questions our virtue and the superiority of our ways.

The Wall Street Journal (June 9) takes issue with the commission on several points. "So far from being bloody-minded," it says editorially, "the average citizen is appalled and deeply saddened at the violence he is constantly reminded of both at home and on the distant battlefields of Vietnam." The violence at home may indeed sadden him, although it probably frightens him more and makes him inclined to resort to violence of his own—certainly the enormous sales of guns to individuals indicate as much. But as for Vietnam, only a small part of the American public is concerned about the agony that has been inflicted on the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. Reports from the front that artillery and air strikes have killed several hundred of the enemy, at the cost of a few American lives, cause no public outcry. One would think that only Americans were human. The Pentagon countered a recent rise in the weekly American casualty total with a statement that half a million of the enemy had been killed. Half a million, in a country so small! Not a murmur was heard from all those "appalled and saddened" citizens *The Wall Street Journal* knows about.

In a dispatch from Saigon in *The Christian Science Monitor* (June 4), Elizabeth Pond provides some figures on American violence as applied in Vietnam with no result except the virtual ruin of the southern half of the country. The caption of the story says that there are currently 1.3 million refugees in South Vietnam and the government appropriates one-third of 1 per cent of the national budget to helping them. The policies of the government of South Vietnam can be controlled by the government of the United States; we have proof here that we not only resort to large-scale violence for phantasmal ends but do not even trouble ourselves to repair some of the damage.

This war has produced, according to Miss Pond, at least 4 million refugees, 300,000 physically disabled, 20,000 to 50,000 prostitutes, more than 90,000 orphans, "and no one knows just how many juvenile delinquents and predelinquents." Apart from the dead, it has displaced up to a third of the population, rent the social fabric, and bled the country of several generations of leaders. She says the situation is "vastly" improved over two years ago but it still is horrifying.

Of course many Americans are perturbed by all this; some are actually trying to ameliorate the distress. "An entire nation is being destroyed," asserts the White Paper of the American Friends Service Committee, but this compassion does not go down to the grass roots.

The animosity against Brown's dictum was amplified by the fact that it was true. The commission's report will be viewed more tolerantly but probably it will not be as long remembered.

'A Dirty Business'

Justice Holmes once said all that ever need be said about wire tapping when he referred to it as "a dirty business." But some taps, of course, are dirtier than others. A prime example is the wire tap that the FBI maintained on the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Evidence offered at the Cassius Clay hearing in Houston indicates that the taps began as early as 1965 and were maintained until Dr. King's death on April 4, 1968. It is clear also that the taps were maintained after President Johnson, on June 30, 1965, ordered an end to wire taps except those ordered by the Attorney General in "national security" cases. The mind boggles at the notion that Dr. King, a Baptist minister (Ph.D., Boston University, D.D., Chicago Theological Seminary), Nobel Prize winner (1964), founder of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, could have been involved in activities that, in the view of J. Edgar Hoover and former Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, may have constituted a threat to the national security of the United States.

Incredulity is enhanced by a clear indication of what it was that prompted Mr. Hoover to request authorization of this particular wire tap. District Judge Ingraham, who is conducting the Clay hearings in Houston, would not permit FBI agent Robert Nicols to explain why Dr. King was under surveillance, but he did let him testify that the surveillance—that is, the particular surveillance which Nicols supervised—occurred at a time when Dr. King was attacking the FBI for assigning Southern rather than Northern agents to civil rights investigations. The inference is that sharp criticism of his actions is regarded by Mr. Hoover as a threat to national security.

In an entirely legitimate attempt to secure an official explanation, the Chicago *Daily News* propounded a series of questions to the FBI: "Why was Dr. King's phone tapped? Did J. Edgar Hoover approve? Was Dr. King considered a security risk?" In each instance the answer was: "No comment."

Not merely is the public entitled to an explanation of the kind sought by the *Daily News,* but the continued failure to provide it will encourage slander of the dead. Recently the regents of the University of California, over the objection of Gov. Ronald Reagan, approved naming a new hall at the Davis campus in honor of Dr. King. Rep. John Rarick (D., La.) promptly denounced Dr. King as "errand boy" for "international communism" (*Congressional Record,* May 26). Rep. Robert Leggett (D., Calif.) expressed "dismay" that Rarick had given credence to "the libelous and ridiculous charges that Dr. King was a Communist." On June 2, Rarick repeated the charges and, in doing so, demanded that the files of the FBI on Dr. King be made public. To this Leggett responded (June 5) by placing in the *Record* many pages of tributes to Dr. King. But nothing will shame or silence Rarick, who again returned to the attack with this comment: "Public acknowledgment that Martin Luther King was under FBI surveillance can be accepted in only one man

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ner—that is, that Dr. King's activities, confidants, and financiers were felt by top intelligence people to be questionable in relation to our national security."

From the *Record* this kind of poison spreads. Not only have Representative Leggett's admirable rejoinders failed to check it but his office reports that his mail is running 3 to 1 against his defense of Dr. King. In view of this record, can Congress continue to keep its collective head deeply buried in the sand? In all conscience, shouldn't the Congress, or one of its committees, compel Mr. Hoover to answer a few simple questions about this revolting wire tap?

Nixon's 'Blueprint'

Washington

President Nixon's "new isolation" commencement address at the Air Force Academy serves notice that under his Administration the United States will continue its role as global policeman. This is a disastrous prospect. It means that the country will get deeper and deeper into the morass of Administration-made policies.

To tell the graduating Air Force cadets that *they* "are under attack from those who question the need for a strong national defense" is a demagogic effort by their Commander in Chief to shut their young minds to the truth about the legitimate criticism of Administration policies. Further, to equate such critics with "the nation's potential adversaries"—meaning, of course, Russian and Chinese Communists—is in pugilistic terms hitting "below the belt." So is the President's implication that the critics are unpatriotic; those who want to set the country back on the path of reason are the true patriots.

No responsible individuals have questioned "the need for a strong national defense," although they do and should question the self-serving military-industrial complex's definition of what is "strong." Under the misleadership of the last few years the nation has been edged from defense into offense abroad, a shift that has weakened our essential internal defenses. The questioning has arisen, also, because national policy makers must accept responsibility for a series of alarming blunders; the "nerve-gas" killing of 3,000 sheep; airplane, tank and other procurement scandals; the self-sinking submarine (at the dock!); the *Pueblo* and the subsequent spy plane disaster. These legitimately concern a few Congressional critics.

We cannot "conduct a successful policy of peace abroad if our society is at war with itself at home," said the President. That is an inversion of the reality. President Johnson's and now President Nixon's so-called "policy of peace abroad" is a policy of war abroad that has produced war at home.

"Let us not," continued the President, "pose a false choice between meeting our responsibilities abroad and meeting the needs of our people at home. We shall meet both or we shall meet neither." The truth is that under Nixon we are not getting "peace abroad" or "meeting the needs of our people at home." We cannot maintain 429 major bases and 2,972 minor bases abroad, as we are now doing, and meet the requirements of slum clearance, pollution abatement, education, health, housing, crime control and much else. The President's budget for social programs, further curtailing Mr. Johnson's, tells the story.

President Nixon has given us a tragic blueprint of his thinking and his purpose. The only hope to arrest the steady deterioration of our society is for the Congress to exercise its abdicated role as a watchdog and joint partner in government, and head the nation back to its one-time sanity.

ERNEST GRUENING

Incident at Rocky Flats

The Army's troubles with its surplus stores of nerve gas and other lethal materials have been thoroughly aired in the press. (See editorial, "Sacred Missions," *The Nation,* June 9.) This situation remains stalemated. The Army's original intention of shipping the stuff by rail from Denver and sinking it in the Atlantic Ocean has been blocked by official criticism and public apprehension over the hazards involved. In the meantime, former Rep. Byron L. Johnson, a member of the University of Colorado faculty, and four other plaintiffs have brought a class suit in federal court, seeking an injunction to prohibit the Department of Defense from storing chemical and biological warfare materials at the Denver arsenal. A degree of awakening to the dangers implicit in industrial militarization seems to be in progress.

In contrast to the nerve-gas agitation, a mishap in the same neighborhood, likewise involving hazards to the population, has so far escaped national attention. On May 11, a quantity of plutonium was destroyed in a fire at the Dow Chemical atomic plant at Rocky Flats, between Denver and Boulder. The Colorado Committee for Environmental Information (Dr. Edward U. Condon, Dr. H. Peter Metzger and others), located at Boulder, made a rough calculation of the amount of plutonium involved, basing its estimate on the Atomic Energy Commission's figure of $20 million as the cash value of the plutonium lost in the fire. A 20-megaton bomb is believed to contain about $70,000 worth of plutonium. As a first approximation, therefore, the amount of plutonium in the Rocky Flats fire was sufficient for 300 20-megaton bombs.

When, in January 1966, four H-bombs were accidentally dropped from one of our aircraft at Palomares, Spain, and two of the bombs scattered plutonium over an area of farm land, a massive decontamination operation was initiated by the U.S. Department of Defense, including the shipment of 20,000 sealed drums of contaminated soil to this country for burial in South Carolina. In the Rocky Flats incident the Atomic Energy Commission and the other agencies involved seem to have been much less solicitous, presumably because there were no international complications. The Colorado Commmittee for Environmental Information suggests that a fire of this size

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could hardly fail to be accompanied by a smoke plume which would deposit quantities of radioactive plutonium downwind as far as 50 miles from the source. In a letter to Gov. John Love of Colorado, the committee makes the point that if the operation of the Dow facility is a serious threat to public health, the operation should be moved to a more remote site. There must be many such potential hazards in other populated areas: this incident calls attention to a neglected aspect of the dangers inherent in a free-ranging military-industrial complex.

Three Public Citizens

How can the value of a long lifetime of distinguished —and disinterested—service as a public citizen be measured? How suggest what the nation has lost by the deaths of George E. Rundquist, Charles A. Sprague and James P. Warburg?

Most of George Rundquist's adult life was devoted to defending the civil liberties of the aggrieved. Those who remember his splendid work in aid of Japanese-American evacuees during World War II will not soon forget him. Charles A. Sprague, former Governor of Oregon, publisher and editor of *The Oregon Statesman* for four decades, was by any fair reckoning, the state's first citizen in terms of distinguished public service.

James P. Warburg—a fine public citizen on many other counts—was one of the sharpest, most consistent and effective critics of American foreign policy throughout the cold-war period. A few years ago, J. K. Galbraith said of him: "James Warburg is a discouraging figure. He is lucid, well informed and very interesting. But he is not in favor of war, even with de Gaulle; doesn't call automatically for strengthening of NATO; has a compassionate view of the problems of poor countries even when Communist; is not pompous; avoids clichés; often makes an allowance for doubt; and does not accept the transcendent wisdom of John Foster Dulles. Why does he insist on taking these far-out positions? He won't get ahead." The country would be much further ahead on the road to peace than it is at the moment if Washington had at least been willing to listen to the advice of James Warburg during the long years when it no longer had use for his active services.

'JE SUIS FRANCAIS'

THE WRETCHED OF MARTINIQUE

PETER GEISMAR
Mr. Geismar, who has a doctorate in French history, is writing a biography of Frantz Fanon.

The French stand by tradition: both the Fourth and the Fifth Republics have used the 19th-century colonial method of "assimilation"—the pretended absorption of overseas areas into the life of the metropolitan territory —rather than adopt the more subtle tactics of contemporary neo-imperialism. De Gaulle was able to preserve another bit of grandeur by continuing his government's rule over three American territories, Martinique, Guadeloupe and Guiana, the so-called "overseas departments."

Guiana is a coastal stretch of jungle on the northern border of Brazil; it has 31,000 inhabitants, a few hundred acres of sugar cane fields, no industrial development and only two passable highways. Guadeloupe and Martinique are more highly cultivated and densely populated Caribbean islands northwest of Guiana. The three territories have been held by France since the 17th century; in the 18th and 19th centuries African slaves were brought there to cultivate sugar crops, bananas and pineapples. Today, the territories are still run by their tiny white minorities, a decadent aristocracy surviving off the labor of a dangerously poor mass of colored people.

To be more exact, in Martinique, at least three-quarters of the productive land is in the hands of the *békés*, the 19th-century Creole aristocracy that also controls the larger stores, the construction companies on the two islands, and most of the port facilities. The *békés* are ingrown, hostile even to the wealthy, upper-class society of metropolitan France. In Fort de France, capital of Martinique, they often congregate in a private bar above the city's best restaurant; they descend to dine but return to their own bar to socialize. They are protected at all times by class barriers of their own construction.

André Delauney-Belleville, a conservative Martinican journalist, writes that there are about 1,000 wealthy *békés* out of a total island population of 300,000; he would classify 25,000 to 30,000 others as bourgeois. (*Choses et gens de la Martinique,* Paris: Debrasse, 1964.) These small property owners and civil servants seem to be self-consciously patriotic: often, during interviews, I was reprimanded for intimating that there was a difference between a Martinican and a metropolitan Frenchman— "*Mais monsieur,* nous *sommes français.*" Yet the middle class is hard pressed financially because all manufactured goods and many groceries are imported from France, where the price was high to begin with. One would expect dissatisfaction and resentment; however, during two weeks of conversations and interviews any complaints that I heard were more than balanced by a much stronger attachment to France—and an uneasiness about the poorer classes on the island. From an official at the Lycée in Fort de France I received the usual explanation: France spends more money on the overseas departments than it receives from them; without the

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French Republic's aid, the situation would become desperate. More specifically, this official continued, France supports a higher price for sugar from the departments than they could obtain on the world market; it gives the civil service there higher wages than in the metropolitan departments; and it subsidizes mail, passenger and freight transportation to Europe.

But my acquaintance in the Lycée, like so many others, refused to carry the analysis one step further to show who, in Martinique, really benefited from the subsidies. The higher sugar prices go to the 5 per cent who own the land, the special transportation rates and higher salaries are for the middle class. The lower classes, at least 80 per cent of Martinique's population, and a higher percentage in Guadeloupe and Guiana, are either unemployed or underemployed. They will never travel to France, at the lower rates, nor will they write there, nor can they afford any products imported from Europe.

I spoke to all the people employed in my own hotel in Fort de France, and a good number of those working for the waterfront industries nearby. A general picture emerged of a fourteen-hour workday, seven days a week, for less than $100 a month. Several of those I talked to had come to Martinique from Guadeloupe because chances of employment were better on the former island. Labor unions have not made much headway in the overseas departments because of the huge rate of unemployment; the desperation of poverty always provides scabs.

The sugar plantations are the largest single employer on the islands and in Guiana, but the harvest lasts only two to three months; and that is the period of full employment. In Martinique, at least, a great number of the sugar-field workers live on credit during the rest of the year. When the harvest begins, the island's merchants automatically claim their salaries. Slavery was abolished in the French colonies in 1848; in the Caribbean area the older kind of servitude was replaced by a more efficient wage slavery.

No one dies of hunger in the overseas departments—there is always a bit of fruit or sugar cane to be found to sustain life—but the mass of the agricultural workers and many of the city dwellers are undernourished. "Three-fourths of the whole population of Martinique," writes Delauney-Belleville, "get less than 1,800 calories a day, and are in a state of chronic hunger."

At present the majority of the islanders are well supplied with only one product: the strong rum distilled from the sugar that they have harvested. A large bottle of rum sells for less than $1, and almost 10 per cent of this price is the deposit on the bottle. Walking in the streets of Fort de France one can discern the distinctive odor of strong Antillean rum everywhere—coming from the cafés and shops as well as from the people. At the airport it is not unusual to see taxicab drivers spending the night passed out in the bar of the central terminal. Alcoholism is a devastating problem; money that should go for a bit of solid food is spent on rum to ease, for a while, the consciousness of a wretched existence.

But the workers are also drugged with the strongest kind of French patriotism. The upper classes, at least, have material interests at stake when they speak lovingly of the European fatherland; the pro-French sentiments among the poor are the result of years of effective indoctrination. To France's credit there is very little illiteracy in the overseas departments; almost all the young children are in school. But the schools serve mostly to propagandize for the ways of the French nation. When the Martinican child first learns to spell and read, phrases such as "*Je suis français*" occur over and over again with monotonous regularity. When the Martinican learns history, it is the history of France (not of France overseas, particularly). Even the island's sports are French; there are weekly bicycle races in Fort de France as preparation for the greatest contest of all, the Tour de France. The mass media, the radio and the one newspaper shared by Guadeloupe and Martinique continue to reinforce this kind of nationalism. It is all quite natural, since those running the schools and writing in the media depend on France (its army and its police forces) to preserve the *status quo* which they find so sustaining.

That the propaganda is effective was proved by the Fifth Republic's 1958 referendum in which the people of the overseas departments voted heavily in favor of maintaining their present ties with Paris. Yet there is evidence that the people went into the polling places almost as automatons, pulling the "*Je suis français*" lever by reflex as they had been taught to do in school. Two uprisings since, one in Guadeloupe and the other in Martinique, have shown, more conclusively, the dissatisfaction within the territories. There was rioting in Martinique when de Gaulle paid it a visit in 1959, but the demands of the protesters were never clearly articulated. The outburst seemed to be the culmination of too much physical discomfort and too much rum. Shortly after, Paris had to rush 13,000 troops to Guadeloupe to put down an insurrection against the administration. Today, there is still a vague rumbling of discontent on both islands; but it is too soon to describe the anti-French elements within the departments as constituting a real movement. There are, rather, names of individuals who have fought "assimilation" and the poverty which seems to accompany French patriotism. Frantz Fanon would be the most familiar of these names for Americans.

Fanon was born in Fort de France, but escaped from the island by joining the French army at the end of World War II. He returned to Martinique after gaining a university education in France in order to write and to practice medicine. A year in the city convinced Fanon that Martinican independence was a prerequisite to real economic reform, but he was also pessmistic about the revolutionary potential of the island's drugged masses. Fanon chose to serve his own revolutionary apprenticeship in Algeria. His writings, though, especially *Black Skin, White Masks,* reflect the experiences of his youth and return to Martinique. Fanon's last book, *The Wretched of the Earth,* is an appeal to the Third World to unite against the kind of inhumanity which is nowhere more evident than in France's overseas departments.

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THE BERKELEY PARK

TERROR IN A TEAPOT

FREDERICK BERRY, THOMAS BROOKS and EUGENE COMMINS

Mr. Berry is associate professor of geology, Mr. Brooks assistant professor of English, and Mr. Commins associate professor of physics at the University of California, Berkeley

Certain facts about the issue of the People's Park are indisputable. First, the land at Haste, Dwight and Bowditch Streets on which the park was created does belong to the University of California. Its purchase was begun in June 1967, eleven years after the land had been designated for university use (and during all those years it has deteriorated, since owners neglected maintenance in the face of university acquisition). Second, in response to the university's declared intention to act on the principle that its legal ownership was more important than the creative use of the land, some individuals called for drastic retributive action on other university property. Third, the bloody confrontation between police and demonstrators on the day of the regents' meeting, May 15, was in large part the result of provocative actions by demonstrators. These facts provide the strict legal justification for the intervention of police authority. But this legal justification has been grossly overextended and abused to a point entirely out of proportion to whatever laws were initially broken and to the point where the severity of abuse of the law by those charged with its enforcement far exceeds any laws initially abused by the park developers or demonstrators. These violations are enumerated in greater detail below.

Part of the university's motivation in finally moving to purchase the land in 1967 was, according to recent public statements by Chancellor Roger W. Heyns, its sense of obligation to the needs and desires of the Berkeley community. When the land was originally earmarked for university purchase in 1956, it was intended ultimately for student housing, but even now existing university housing facilities are not used to capacity. Thus in 1967 the university was committed to purchase land for which the original purpose was no longer valid, and was faced with responsibility for subsequent deterioration of the area. But even when the purchases were completed and the land had been cleared, it was permitted to lie vacant and unfenced for ten months—a muddy lot still obstructed by dangerous foundations and littered with refuse, and soon appropriated as free parking space on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Having acquired and cleared the plot, the university awaited further appropriation of funds for its development.

No private corporation, with such a fallow site on its hands, would have left it an open eyesore and liability to trespass and appropriation by the public. It is certainly not unusual that land which has been effectively part of the public domain for nearly a year should be in part appropriated by those interested in making a more useful and less ugly contribution to the community than a dilapidated parking lot. Though the university has justified its closing of the park by citing its liability for injuries incurred there, this issue was not raised during the ten previous months when cars were driving on and off the property.

When the university apparently did not know how to turn its eyesore into a useful community facility, the park's developers began to do their work. Thus if the university's real reason for acquiring and developing the land was its concern for the well-being of the student and public communities (and the administration now asserts that this was the case), there is no real ideological controversy between the university and the park developers.

In an effort to demonstrate its concern, the university had made plans to develop the land into a soccer field, though other such fields in the immediate vicinity were hardly used to capacity even during prime playing times. All that was needed was recognition from the university that the park developers had come up with a better plan for the use of the land (a plan closer to the needs and desires of the community toward which the university says it was trying to respond) and the incorporation of that plan into their own. Given this analysis of university motives and plans for the area, the extensive and costly defense of its right to control can be viewed only as a perverse insistence upon the procedures of red tape and the principle of ownership for their own sake. It can hardly be viewed as worth the cost of life and injury, academic and communal paralysis, and the gross abridgment of civil liberties that have resulted.

Nevertheless, the university administration elected to defend these abstractions, and it was at this point that some individuals announced their intention, through the underground radical *Berkeley Barb,* to reject, by violent retribution if necessary, any attempt by the university to assert its authority over the disputed property. The question is not whether such calls to violence were issued; they were. The question is whether the source through which they were issued should have been taken as truly representing the bona fide intentions of the majority of the park's developers, instead of being simply another example of the paper's customary tactic of adding radical rhetoric to the fire. It is at least worth noting that Mayor Wallace Johnson and Governor Reagan took the word of the *Barb* as gospel when it suited their purpose to do so, though they have in the past ignored many of its even more radical and alarming pronouncements. The question, then, is whether the genuine intentions of those actually

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in control of the park were truly part of "a deliberate and planned attempt at confrontation," as stated by the Governor.

Probably we shall never know just what the precise motivations of the park developers were, mainly because they remained inarticulate even among themselves until confronted with the necessity of explaining

their actions to people who had not understood what they had done. Certainly one of the more interesting aspects of this short-lived experiment in communal behavior, one which prompted the well-known critic of environmental design, Allan Temko, to call the park "the most significant advance in recreational design since the great parks of the late 19th and early 20th centuries," was the education in social awareness and organization which its developers had begun to acquire. Although the university publicly justified the erection of the fence to close the park from use by citing complaints from residents of the area, the park's creators had already begun to institute and successfully enforce a system of regulations concerning noise and use of the park.

Similarly the lack of spokesmen for the park people has been interpreted as indicating their unwillingness even to discuss possible solutions with the chancellor. On May 14 they did finally manage to select eleven members of their group to act as negotiators, but "negotiations" broke down, since the fence appeared the next day, before either side had a chance to proceed. It seemed to the park's developers that the university administration, having subscribed to the theory that the park was a "phony issue" manufactured for the sake of confrontation, was not prepared to accept the fact that the majority of the park's supporters were willing to proceed in non-confrontational ways to preserve what they had created. When presented with evidence of that desire to save the park, the university chose to ignore it and made inevitable a more direct confrontation.

All this indicates that, as the park emerged and became a social reality, so the attitudes of the majority of the park's supporters matured and became more articulate; and that these attitudes, though not permitted to continue their evolution, were not motivated by a conspiratorial desire for violent confrontation but by the simple desire to preserve what they had created. This, rather than "a deliberate and planned attempt at confrontation," was the more apparent position at the moment the fence was built.

Thus, the park was seen by many responsible people as a dynamic example of the potential of spontaneous community involvement in administrative and governmental planning. The university's College of Environmental Design proposed, before the fence went up, that the park be maintained as an experimental station to further its studies in ways of involving community response in civic planning. Professor Van der Ryn, chairman of the Chancellor's Advisory Committee on Housing and the Environment, agreed with the proposal and reported to the Berkeley Division of the Academic Senate at its emergency meeting of Friday, May 23. We quote from his report at length because it speaks eloquently for the accomplishment and potential of the park:

> The park is by no means the whole of the problem, but it is at the heart of our present crisis. The ultimate rationale for the deployment of hundreds of police and thousands of troops is the protection of the fence. If the fence is removed, we may begin to defuse the crisis and de-escalate what the Governor has described as war. . . .
>
> The Committee believes, and has consistently advised the Chancellor that a community-generated People's Park is a constructive and appropriate use of a portion of the Dwight Way site. . . . The idea of community-controlled and designed recreation areas is neither a new nor a particularly radical innovation. It is a principle of community planning that is increasingly widely accepted both in this country and abroad. . . . [Such a park] is compatible with the recreational needs of the campus and South Campus community. Hearings we conducted, and other expressions of campus and community sentiment . . . indicate this is the prevailing view. The University and City administrations have made the point that they saw the park as essentially a design for confrontation, not a design for neighborhood improvement as we and others would view it. It has been the inability to reconcile these two views that brings us here today. I will not argue that the thousands of Berkeleyans who worked in and enjoyed the park for a few brief weeks were the witless dupes of a small band bent on violence. I can only report on how the park appeared to satisfy real and pressing human needs that the University and the City appear to be ignorant of. For the first time, hundreds of young people felt the sense of performing meaningful work to-

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wards creating a place of their own. Many felt the joy of creating beauty in a city increasingly dedicated to ticky-tacky and asphalt.

The fact is that at every level our public institutions and local governments are failing to meet fundamental needs and people are trying to do something about it. Throughout these events we have seen a failure of archaic procedures for making decisions about land acquisition and use, a failure to create or use procedures for the kind of broad consultation and discussion that is absolutely essential in dealing with the new and difficult problems that face every large urban university in its relations with its surrounding community. The fact is that the physical planning and design of the campus and the surrounding city is irrational and unimaginative—that is in part what the park responded to. A year ago this Committee recommended reform of a heavy handed and unresponsive planning process that places too many burdens on too few men. The Chancellor did not really attempt to use our Committee early as a source of advice and ideas about either the park, recreational needs or the larger problems of campus planning and campus environment. It is worth noting that in Spring, 1968, when the land was cleared, and when it was apparent that funds were not forthcoming for immediate construction on the now controversial property, we suggested that part of the site be made available to the street people to take the pressure off a crowded and tense Telegraph Avenue. This advice went unheeded.

The Chancellor's demand that the people stop developing the site during discussions was unrealistic. It assumed that somebody was there, so to speak, "in charge" and could order everyone to lay down their hoes and stop planting shrubs. There was, in fact, nobody with that authority. It should be stressed, however, that while people were determined to continue work on the site, there was no move to expand the boundaries of the site, and no resistance to the University's doing whatever it wishes with the western portion, including, we believe, putting a fence around it. There may very well have been severe political problems associated with the continued development of the area, but that was all the more reason to find a solution that would allow its development without embarrassment to the University.

Our position from the beginning has been that the People's Park represented an interesting and important phenomenon that called for an equally creative response by the University. We never believed that it would not present problems: legal problems, political problems, and indeed, police problems (in the old-fashioned sense of that term), but we did not and do not believe that these are insuperable. . . . The University seems not to be able to make that creative response—largely, we suspect, because of the fierce political pressures on it. We now believe that the most useful and creative act that the University can make is to find ways to place the land under other auspices so that the park can continue to be created and developed by its users.

It is impossible as yet to reconstruct in detail the tragic events on the streets of Berkeley during the riot of Thursday, May 15. The step-by-step development is unclear, and will probably remain so until a detailed and unbiased investigation is completed. We do know that members of the mob assailed the police with bricks, rocks and pieces of metal pipe, and that the police responded with tear gas. Members of the mob threw some of the smoking tear gas canisters back at the police, and ultimately the police resorted to firearms. Whatever the detailed sequence of events leading up to the ugly climax of this riot, however, one aspect is abundantly clear; it is supported by detailed and well-corroborated evidence supplied by hundreds of independent witnesses: the police conducted themselves in such a brutal manner, and used such excessive force and violence that an extremely bad situation was made much worse. Moreover, from May 15 to May 24, the National Guard, police and county prison authorities repeatedly and grossly violated the civil rights of hundreds of citizens, rights guaranteed to them by the United States Constitution and the U.S. Code.

During May 15 the police indiscriminately fired bird shot and buckshot into the crowd. The bird shot consists of lead pellets about 1-16 of an inch in diameter, and a single shell contains about 800 pellets. One man was blinded by bird shot, the pellets entering both eyes and lodging in the soft tissue behind. At least ten other victims reporting to Herrick Hospital were very seriously injured by bird shot, according to a physician on duty at the time. Others who were seriously wounded went to neighboring hospitals. One victim now carries a pellet in his heart. Another suffered two punctured lungs. Numerous victims suffered bird-shot wounds in the chest, back, thighs and legs, including one unfortunate man who came into the hospital with at least 125 bird-shot pellets in one leg. More than five persons suffered bird-shot wounds in the head, face and neck. At the least, these wounds will leave ugly facial scars very much like those caused by smallpox. Many persons were fired on from behind by the police. We note, for example, the now well-known photograph published in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of May 19, which clearly shows a policeman aiming a shotgun loaded with bird shot at a youth running away from him down a city street.

The buckshot (0-0 gauge) consisted of lead balls about 0.33 inches in diameter; a single shotgun shell contains nine to fifteen balls. Some of these projectiles were removed in surgery, and others are revealed in numerous X-ray photographs of injured victims which were taken at Herrick Hospital, Berkeley and Highland Hospital, Oakland. James Rector, 25, of San Jose, died as a result of devastating abdominal and chest wounds caused by buckshot. At least five other persons were seriously injured by buckshot pellets, according to Herrick Hospital observers alone. The tibia (large shinbone) of one victim was shattered by buckshot, causing long-term or permanent damage. It is essential to note that many gunshot victims were innocent persons who merely found themselves in the neighborhood, and were in no way participating in the action.

Between May 15 and May 24, almost 1,000 arrests were made on the streets of Berkeley, mostly on minor misdemeanor charges such as "obstructing a public way," "disorderly conduct" and "failure to disperse." Even while arresting persons on such minor charges, the police frequently administered severe beating with hands and clubs. We cite as partial evidence many signed statements which accompany the class action suit brought

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n the Federal District Court for the Northern District Court of California by a number of plaintiffs. Scores of cases have been reported to the American Civil Liberties Union office in Berkeley, including many in which bystanders were threatened, clubbed and arrested by police simply because they had witnessed another arrest. At least one incident is known in which four or more police officers surrounded and brutally assaulted a 12-year-old child. During the entire period of May 15 to May 24, it was common practice for police officers to conceal identifying badges and/or name plates.

Many persons were subjected to vicious and foul verbal insult, intimidation and abuse by police during and after arrest, or even when arrest was not made.

The police practiced selective arrest: those with long hair, beards or unconventional dress were much more likely to be arrested and abused than those more conventional in appearance.

Excessive and unfair bail fees have been imposed on persons arrested for minor offenses such as "blocking a public way." While ordinarily, the bail for this sort of offense may be $60 to $100, during the period in question sums of $500, $800 and $1,000 were typical. Such exorbitant bail amounts to punishment of the accused before trial, and is in violation of the Eighth Amendment to the United States Constitution. In addition, prisoners were harassed and intimidated when they sought to retain counsel, or were actually prevented from doing so, in obvious violation of their rights under the Sixth Amendment.

Cruel mistreatment of many prisoners, even those arrested for the most minor offenses, has been the common practice, especially at the Alameda County Prison Farm Facility at Santa Rita. After a class action suit had been filed in the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of California, under the jurisdiction of the Civil Rights Act of 1871, U.S. District Judge Peckham on May 24 issued a temporary restraining order against Sheriff Frank Madigan. The legal brief urged the enjoinment of Sheriff Madigan and his subordinates from:

> striking prisoners with clubs and hands, forcing prisoners to lie face down on a hard asphalt courtyard covered with gravel for periods up to four hours; preventing prisoners from sleeping by continued torment; forcing one prisoner, in full view of other prisoners, to place his head against a wooden post and then repeatedly striking the post with clubs with great force until the prisoner's nose was bloody, cutting some of the hair of one prisoner, preventing at least one prisoner from getting required medication; threatening physical violence; and the continued use of abusive and obscene language.

Numerous sworn affidavits testify to the brutal mistreatment of prisoners at Santa Rita, including a vivid description by Tim Findley, reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* (see editorial, "Warning from Berkeley," *The Nation*, June 16).

The police and National Guard indiscriminately attacked crowds and individuals, demonstrators and ordinary citizens with tear gas, causing inconvenience, injury and illness to many innocent Berkeley citizens. A low-flying National Guard helicopter attacked the central campus area at about 2 P.M. on May 21, spraying noxious CN or CS gas over a wide area, including the regions between Stephens and Barrows Halls, Faculty Glade, Sproul Hall, the Sproul Plaza and the Sather Gate area, the dining hall and lower plaza area, and the Harmon gymnasium. Gas spread also to libraries, laboratories, classrooms, offices, workshops; to the university hospital and to the Strawberry Canyon recreation area. It contaminated portions of the residential area and business district south of the campus. The gas caused considerable discomfort to hundreds of persons, including students and faculty in classrooms and laboratories, employees in offices, and even mothers and children in the recreation area. Many suffered acute nausea, respiratory inflammation, skin irritation, temporary mental confusion, chest pains, vertigo and weakness. One associate professor of business administration, a chronic asthmatic, suffered a very severe medical setback. The condition of patients in Cowell Hospital was aggravated by the attack.

The ostensible purpose of this sortie, according to a public statement by Adjutant General Glen Ames, was to break up a massive demonstration by 500 "hard-core dissidents" who were threatening the safety of National Guard troops and police. In fact, according to the reports of all witnesses at the scene, no demonstrations or threats were occurring at the time. The plaza did contain isolated groups of persons, including faculty and university employees, who were for the most part trying to leave the area, but were being prevented from doing so by a restraining cordon of police and National Guard who were, of course, equipped with gas masks.

The aerial attack has to some extent captured the imagination of the public, but lesser-known gassing incidents have been equally outrageous and stupid. When the helicopter attack forced persons to leave the Harmon gymnasium swimming pool in great discomfort (skin irritation is greatly aggravated when the skin is wet), they found to their great dismay that the Alameda sheriff's deputies had just discharged two or more canisters of tear gas in the shower rooms. As another example, numerous witnesses report seeing police discharging tear gas canisters into the men's and women's bathrooms of the Student Union building.

In summary then, the evidence is unmistakable and incontrovertible that police and National Guard greatly exceeded their authority, and actually exacerbated an already grave situation by brutal and violent behavior. By doing so, in the name of law and order, they systematically violated the civil rights of many citizens.

The aim of the state authorities apparently has been to identify and limit the activities and influence of those radicals who seek disruption at every opportunity, who seek to effect change by violent means. We submit that acts of the state during the present crisis have had just the opposite effect; that the brutal, vindictive and destructive actions by police and other armed forces operating in Berkeley in the name of law and order have done more to convert the young to radical and perhaps

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revolutionary views than any talks or actions by the SDS.

Student radicals seized Moses Hall in the fall of 1968, and called for a general student protest and strike. They had no real issue and received essentially no support. At most, 200 or 300 students participated, and their action was a failure. In contrast, after one week of the coercive tactics employed by police and military units in May, the reaction of students, faculty, employees and ordinary Berkeley citizens has been enormous anger and hostility toward the authorities. This is reflected by many oral statements to the Berkeley City Council in a tumultuous meeting on May 24, and by an overwhelming vote of the Berkeley Academic Senate on May 23. Possibly of greatest significance, however, is a referendum held on May 20, 21 and 22 by the Berkeley student body. Almost 15,000 students voted (a record turn-out for any student election), and 85 per cent were in favor of retaining the People's Park as it existed before May 13.

THE SCENARIO SOCIETY

YORICK BLUMENFELD

Mr. Blumenfeld, London-based correspondent for The Atlantic Monthly *and* Editorial Research Reports, *is the author of* Seesaw: Cultural Life of Eastern Europe, *published last fall by Harcourt, Brace.*

The incumbent madness of the scenario society is upon us. In the second half of the 20th century, with our grasp on reality already weakened by megadeaths and carbonized cities, we are being addled by these dramatic playbacks of the future. The scenario defines a hypothesis to the point where one believes that the definition embraces reality. Occasionally, it even confounds the practitioners, as in the case of a senior State Department strategist who, having finished his morning scenario on Vietnam, entered a briefing-room analysis of a similar situation and found himself confusing the scenario with reality.

Plausibility, says Herman Kahn, is a great virtue of the scenario. He will argue that it is a useful way to draw consequences or implications from various given possibilities. Until quite recently, scenarios were restricted to "think tank" strategists simulating crisis situations—usually of the kind involving big-power nuclear confrontation. It has now spread to other areas: politics, the campus, even the bedroom. No part of the future, it is presumed, will be left to its own devices in the scenario society.

When the game theorists at the Hudson Institute or the mandarins at RAND construct the scenario of a nuclear confrontation, simulation, like pretense, becomes effortless. Take the outlandish scenario currently being presented as one of the rationales behind the ABM system (of either Sentinel or Safeguard variety). The scenario predication is: It is the year 1976. A national hysteria has gripped China. The entire politburo in Peking has gone off its collective rocker. The slant-eyed maniacs push the buttons and send two dozen intercontinental missiles hurtling toward the continental United States—ignoring the fact that several hundred U.S. rockets will soon thereafter put an end to more than five millennia of Chinese history. No, argue the American strategists sitting around the table, puffing their pipes. This must never be. We must build the protective system which will cancel out any possibility of a Chinese attack.

This "mock up" of the future is responsible for the launching of the multibillion-dollar ABM system. The invented drama may seem outrageous, but the logic we ask the Chinese to accept is equally faulty. "We are going to keep you naked," might commence the paraphrase of what a Pentagon strategist, immersed in scenarios, asks Peking to accept. "With our ABMs you won't be able to touch us. However, you don't have to worry, because we Americans would never attack you first. Even if we do think you are very dangerous, perhaps to the point of being deranged, don't let that stop you from negotiating with us in Warsaw." Thus the expectations of a projected course of action, of a scenario, pollute the possibilities of dealing with reality. Ironically, it is Herman Kahn, the father-in-law of the scenario society, who writes that "Scenarios force the analyst to deal with details and dynamics he might easily avoid treating if he restricted himself to abstract considerations."

Kahn writes in *The Year 2000* that "Scenarios are one way to force oneself and others to plunge into the unfamiliar and rapidly changing world of the present and the future." A good case in point was Columbia University in the spring of 1968. The SDS prepared a scenario which, it turned out, was not exactly a plunge into the unpredictable. The disruption of the university had even been forecast in a script which read:

> CONTINGENCY A: fistfights, police violence, similar excitement. Steering Comm. Tues. night plans larger demo. Wed., perhaps with campus anti-racism coalition (Black Students). We all pull out quotations from M. L. King. Dorm canvassing late into night. If Wed. all right, see "Escalate," below (d) (Two scenarios: one, ever bigger demonstrations effectively shutting down afternoon classes until they give in; two, Thurs. 500 or more people sit in Kirk's/Platt's office until demands granted; Fri. morning they call a sympathy strike.)

The scenario, as presented in *Up Against the Ivy Wall*, continued: "Open struggle, perhaps with city cops, will develop. WE FIGHT! Community support, black students, libs begin to come in." And then, concludes this agitator, a week later "Occupation and blockade of Low. Continue pressure until University capitulates on demands."

As Kahn points out, the scenarios "help to illuminate the interaction of psychological, social, economic, cultural, political and military factors. . . ." The scenario is supposed to define the relationships of the play; the actors

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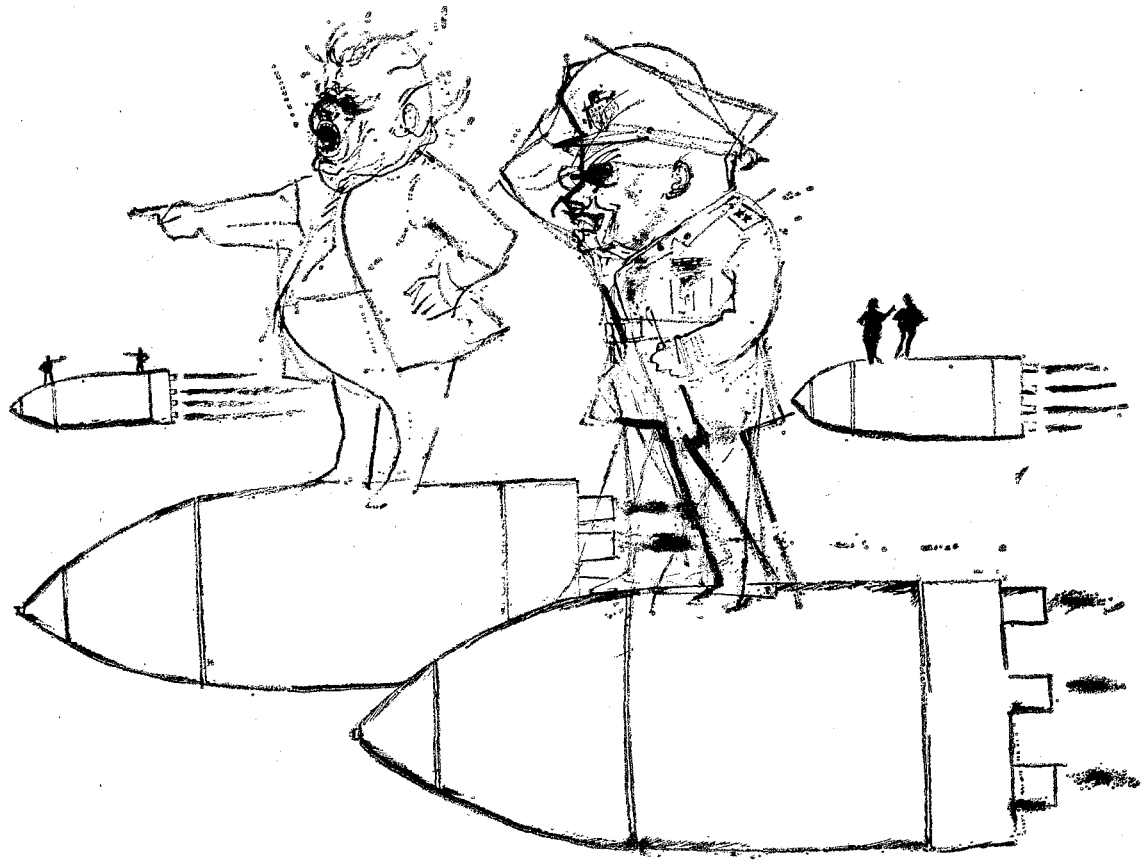
then try to work their way out of the original crisis within the framework of the rules. Unfortunately, most artificial scenarios—unlike the one outlining the revolt at Columbia—are overimaginative to the point of being corny. "Case categories" and "historical anecdotes" all too often sound like soap operas. John R. Raser, a research associate and project director at the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute of La Jolla, Calif., wrote a scenario about the deadly human flaw in the nuclear fail-safe last January for *The Washington Post*. Dreamed Raser:

> Let's place our cast of actors on submarines, since they are often touted as the most error-proof weapons system. . . . In the midst of a *Pueblo*-like crisis, the Soviet Union responds by asserting that its own intelligence efforts are not inferior to those of the United States; that it has just perfected a radical new means of detecting submerged Polaris submarines. [*The U.S. refuses to accept this and the Russians*] daringly plan to knock out one Polaris in such a way that everyone will be pretty certain that they did it, but no one could prove it. (Recall the *Thresher* incident if you like.) [*The Russians attack and cripple the submarine. As*] water begins to flood in, panic hits the crew. All is Chaos. The men know they will die in a few minutes. . . . Visions of mushroom clouds turning their families into ashes, visions that have haunted their minds for months, suddenly well to the surface; rage explodes in their bodies. Their hearts begin to pound, adrenalin shoots into their bloodstreams, their muscles expand, their breathing rates accelerate, their blood-sugar levels increase, their muscular strength nearly doubles—but . . . to what end? There is no charging foe, no soul-curdling yell to let out; there are only rows of cold buttons to push. Their reasoning falters, they can't think of alternatives, their memories function inadequately, they can't accurately process information . . . and begin to act reflexively. "We must accomplish our mission. We will not die in vain," shouts the captain. The crew, stunned and equally irrational, obeys.

As is usual in such scenarios, the ending is rather melodramatic: "The macabre dance of death unfolds," writes Raser, "and in a few hours the world has been reduced to radioactive rubble." Game theorists seem to draw particular satisfaction from releasing their walled-up feelings of aggression and hostility. Their vicarious participation in scenarios apparently is a good way for them to air their repressions. Moreover, it permits the authors to maneuver the fate of other men, if not of mankind, without subjecting themselves to a system of realistic constraints.

Herman Kahn admits that "care must be taken to allow for a possibly realistic inclusion of a not-implausible degree of paranoia in one or more decision makers who have roles in the scenario." However, Kahn himself rejects the criticism that only a "paranoid" personality—one exceptionally distrustful, suspicious and preoccupied with hostility—could conceive of the avalanche of provocations, plots, crises and counterattacks which characterize almost every military-political scenario. Kahn insists that the responsibilities of the creator of the scenario "require him to be most interested in the many unpleasant ways in which things can go wrong." Naturally, this raises the problem of what happens to the outlook of a society when the use of the scenario becomes widespread.

At the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, Calif., the staff members attempt to adjust people to their social environ-



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ment. Those in the therapy groups learn to exorcise their real feelings in play emotions. Similarly, society at large must learn to feel and even to hate again through the creation of scenarios. The director of Esalen urges his patients to think through a scenario in which they imagine themselves dying and being reborn. Wrote one patient: "I had great difficulty emerging from my body. I was pinned against my intestines, pregnant with myself. When I finally began to move and restored all the missing organs and repaired those that were damaged, I feared that all this work was temporary, that if I were to leave the heart would vanish, the stomach dry up, the intestines be exposed." This is not a madman talking—it is the scenario carried to its logical conclusion.

And it is not only in therapy that the scenario goes to absurd lengths. Thus *The Wall Street Journal* ran a grisly set of scenarios immediately following the attack on Robert Kennedy's life. The title of the article, published before his death, was "Democrat's Outlook Clouded." Several alternative scenarios seemed possible, predicted the imaginative staff reporter.

> Scenario One: Mr. Kennedy recovers slowly and decides to stay out of the 1968 battling altogether, siding neither with Senator McCarthy of Minnesota nor with Mr. Humphrey. . . . Scenario Two: Mr. Kennedy recovers, but very slowly, and he has to remove himself from the race. He throws his support to Senator McCarthy—perhaps out of deep conviction that Democratic Party policy must change, perhaps out of a more selfish hope that he will thus win back, for a later Presidential bid, the trust of the young people, intellectuals and others who felt betrayed by his belated entry into the race in March. . . . Scenario Four: Mr. Kennedy recovers swiftly, with no lasting damage. In a week or so, he's able to talk political strategy; in a month, he's back at touch football. There's a broad welling-up of sympathy for him; the old 'Bobby Ruthless' image is gone, and the Bobby haters reduced to a mere handful. . . .

If the *Journal* was led into this extravagance of conjecture by shock and surprise, what about the immense number of scenarios aired over radio and TV on what would happen if the Presidential election were a tossup? Some scenarios even had Senator Muskie elected Vice President by a Democratic Senate and serving as acting President of the United States while the House of Representatives remained deadlocked.

When projected to the level of international relations, the scenario can provide ideal excuses for ex post facto rationalizations. In a *Fortune* article last November, Kahn agreed with Leonid Brezhnev that there really was no alternative to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Kahn and Brezhnev, it would seem, were characters playing the same scenario. Kahn said that most Soviet experts in the West anticipated (and believed the Russians themselves anticipated) a sequence of events which began with Czechoslovak recognition of Bonn and ended with "very serious threats to the existence of the current Soviet system and state" if the Russians did not intervene. Brezhnev countered in Warsaw on November 13 that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia had thwarted the plans of "imperialist wolves in sheep's clothing," that the threat to Eastern Europe had been confirmed by an article in *Fortune* which outlined "precisely what was expected from the Czechoslovak situation" in the West. Brezhnev said that this scenario called for "weakening the influence of the Czechoslovak Communist Party and establishing a kind of 'social democracy' with capitalist nuances."

Thus the scenario has become part and parcel of the missile age, of the Cuban crisis of 1962, of Columbia University riots, the invasion of Czechoslovakia and the ABM decision. Kahn himself sees scenarios being used to "produce, perhaps in impressionistic tones, the future development of the world as a whole, a culture, a nation, or some group or class." As time becomes an increasingly crucial factor, there is no longer ample opportunity to think when a crisis arises: the easiest way to cope, therefore, is to have all the inputs prepared ahead of time and then hold ready a variety of responses, based on hypothetical and static confrontations. Reliance on technique inevitably sets in and the results can be disastrous: the management tool takes off on its own.

Game theorists are fond of quoting Plato's *Laws* to the effect that "Life must be lived as play." Pretending to increase our options, to strengthen our hand, the scenario ends by corroding our sensibilities. Scenarios assume certain constants. They are framed by a contextual rigidity. The imponderables, which are often the most important aspect in a crisis, tend to get ignored in the scenario. Scenarios are apt to deny the ambiguities which are the essence of politics. Americans are learning only too slowly in Vietnam, and at the negotiating table in Paris, that the political intangibles of foreign affairs are far too complex for this type of abbreviated thinking.

Of course, the scenario is also an adjunct to the computer age. Its responses are in the form of digital, yes-no flashes. In fact, contemporary scenarios use computers which purport to interrelate instantly all kinds of political, military, and even psychological variables. I say purport because they do not really succeed in doing so. Scenarios seem bound by a certain built-in inevitability. For one thing, they tend to freeze the nature of a political relationship. Those playing the game automatically assume that there is an adversary relationship, but in real life that is not always the case. You may think you are being opposed by a specific adversary, but perhaps he is playing an entirely different game of chess than you are, one in which his moves have little relationship to your countermoves. Even more bewildering, your adversary may suddenly change (maybe you are no longer playing "chicken" with the Kosygin team but with the Brezhnev team).

Scenarios thus often become caricatures of reality. But their extensive use also leads to a mental divorce from reality, usually characterized by an excess of wishful thinking. Richard J. Barnet, in giving a parody version of a winning scenario for Vietnam in *The New York Times Magazine,* wrote that Washington would like to see the following train of preconditions: "Ho will 'signal' that he is ready to talk with the United States about the schedule of withdrawal of both North Vietnamese and U.S. troops, that he is ready to order an end to all guerrilla activity in

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the South, and that he is prepared to accept a South Vietnamese government reorganized to include a broader national coalition than the present military-dominated one—but that he no longer insists on any significant participation by the National Liberation Front. . . ." That would still appear to be the take-off point for some converted "hawks" even today.

Despite the rather humorous, Faustian, "Canonical Variations" of Herman Kahn, there is something insidious about the current fad for scenarios. Their anti-poetry is in itself galling enough. It is not only that scenarios make the unthinkable thinkable but also that they profane the imagination. Scenarios develop a cynical, winning-the-game strategy in which principles, morality and human values are sacrificed. When extended to society, an expanded version of *Games People Play*, they destroy all spontaneity. Life in a scenario-obsessed society can only degenerate into a programmed prelude to sterility.

MISSISSIPPI: SIGNS OF LIFE

1. The Lawyers of Ole Miss

KEN VINSON
Mr. Vinson is a professor of law at the University of Mississippi Law School.

Oxford, Miss.

Seven years ago, when Dean Robert Farley of the University of Mississippi Law School insisted that the law was on James Meredith's side, Gov. Ross Barnett and friends blacklisted the former president of the Mississippi state bar. Farley moved to the more compatible University of Florida. This month Farley's successor and the current law dean of Ole Miss, Joshua M. Morse III of Poplarville, Miss., who surprised everybody by putting liberal Yankee Yale graduates on the law faculty, civil rights in the curriculum, black students on Ford Foundation scholarships and bile in the craw of state college board Tories, goes to Florida State.

Seventy-year-old M. M. Roberts, a successful Hattiesburg lawyer and state college board president, worked hard in 1963 to put his young friend Morse at the head of the Law School. Trustee Roberts—a Ross Barnett appointee and Ole Miss alumnus who thinks much of constitutional law is a pinkish plot—had good cause to think that Morse was a safe and sound replacement for the heretic Farley.

Morse's ancestors came to Mississippi early, and populated the state with establishment preachers and lawyers. His father once shared Poplarville law offices with George Wallace's Mississippi godfather, Sen. T. Bilbo.

Dean Morse practiced law for fifteen years in south Mississippi courts without exhibiting tendencies subversive to the Mississippi way. He held high office in the state bar. And as a freshman law professor when Governor Barnett battled the Kennedys at Ole Miss, he refused to join Dean Farley and other university faculty in public protest.

But as law dean, Morse shook things up. First he strayed north and enrolled in the Yale Law School. He did a year's graduate work in "law, science and policy," charmed Yankee professors with Southern-bred stories and irreverent Old Testament quotes, soaked up Yale's social gospel, and picked up five new members for the Ole Miss law faculty.

In 1965 the Ford Foundation pumped $500,000 into the Law School. Dean Morse told the Foundation: "This law school can be tremendously influential of the political thought and action of the state of Mississippi. . . . Many of the problems which plague the University of Mississippi and our state stem from a provincial outlook. Our students are accustomed to examining every question in light of its impact on Mississippi culture rather than taking a broader view."

With Ford funds, Morse hired more instructors from Yale. The Morse mood created a new willingness to listen to outside opinions. Law students and faculty brought Robert Kennedy to Oxford and 4,500 rebel students cheered the Senator's jibes at Ross Barnett. Aaron Henry, Charles Evers and Fannie Lou Hamer spoke before Law School classes that included the sons of Senator Eastland and Congressman Abernathy.

Thirty law professors from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and N.Y.U. spent two weeks each on the campus lecturing on constitutional law and the like. Young Mississippians responded: new courses on political and civil rights, legal services for the indigent, students' rights, social legislation and international law had plenty of takers.

Yale's law dean, Louis H. Pollak, one of the visiting faculty members, said that the Ole Miss Law School "is at the threshold of becoming a focus for the kind of thinking that can bring Mississippi into the 20th century." *Time* magazine praised the New South's Law School.

Federal and private grants came to the Law School to establish public defender and legal services (Office of Economic Opportunity) programs. And for the past three years (until Harvard and Rutgers recently caught up) more black students were enrolled at the Ole Miss Law School than at any other non-Negro law school in the United States. Two black graduates recently stood for city offices in Jackson; *Ebony* ran a feature story on the Law School—and M. M. Roberts wrote his fellow trustees on the college board, "I'm embarrassed by my law school."

Last spring the volcano that had been steaming under Morse's Yale-at-Oxford erupted. The North Missis-

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sippi OEO Legal Services Program, funded through and operated by the Law School, filed a school desegregation suit in Holly Springs (where Confederate generals once went to fade away). The state bar, the trustees and the legislature, shocked by this betrayal from within, turned on the Law School.

For some time, legislators had been griping about "socialistic, if not communistic, doctrines at the Law School"; they welcomed an excuse for blasting Morse. When Aaron Henry followed Kennedy on the Law School's speaker program, the trustees passed a speaker ban which even Mississippi judges declared unconstitutional. Also still stinging the trustees was the memory of the law professor who represented the American Association of University Professors in a federal court suit to knock out a state requirement that teachers sign organizational membership affidavits. After this affront, the trustees, tired of losing in court, told the law faculty that hereafter all moonlighting must be O.K.'d by the chancellor in writing.

The state bar, even before last summer, tried to kill the Law School's legal services program; it passed rules of questionable validity outlawing OEO legal service programs not controlled by local lawyers. When bar members met in Biloxi last summer they were fighting mad at the Law School's programs for integrating schools and attacking welfare residence requirements. At the annual Ole Miss alumni luncheon, at which the dean traditionally speaks, Morse was told to keep his mouth shut. Morse says that Webb Overstreet, the 1968 state bar president is a "nut on the subject" of legal services for the poor.

After the bar meeting the legislature and the board of trustees leaned on Ole Miss Chancellor Porter Fortune, who promptly forced legal services out of the Law School. Fortune told law teachers that if they continued to do work in the OEO program, they would be fired.

Law professors Luther McDougal, Michael Trister and George Strickler ignored the chancellor's warning. They were taken off the payroll and their summer school lectures were canceled. Trister and Strickler are in federal court, charging that their civil liberties were violated.

Other dissenting law teachers, including the dean, were denied the general raise given in September to the rest of the university faculty. Out-of-state faculty recruiting has been curtailed; several of the current faculty are leaving. Trister, one of the Yale recruits who stayed in Oxford to direct the legal services program after it was refunded through Mary Holmes College, told *Time*: "The great experiment at the Law School is almost dead."

The American Association of Law Schools, together with the AAUP, recently completed a formal investigation of complaints of political interference by Ole Miss law professors. If these organizations find violations of academic freedom, loss of accreditation and censorship could result.

An important witness before the AALS-AAUP investigating committee was state Sen. William E. Corr. During the legal services purging, Corr had told the Jackson *Daily News* that "the Legislature would intervene into the administration of the Ole Miss law school only as a means of last resort." In April, 1968, Senator Corr presided over a closed hearing of the Senate Universities and Colleges Committee at which Dean Morse was put on the grill. Corr was worried about Ole Miss teachers "informing citizens . . . of their civil rights and their constitutional rights." The transcript of the hearing reveals how much Senator Corr wanted the Law School out of legal services: "If we do [lose accreditation], let's lose it and then get it back as soon as possible." And then: "I hope no press releases are made on this or no statements made to the press."

Another Senator was dismayed by "a law professor who was somehow involved—and I suppose as an attorney—with whether or not Aaron Henry was going to speak at the university," and wondered whether the legislature should make "a rule that a professor at the university Law School would not sue the state of Mississippi or the University of Mississippi."

When Dean Morse warned the Senate committee about the possible effects of political interference, Senator Corr assured him that "if this committee reports anything out I don't think it will address itself directly to that [legal services]. . . . There are many other ways in which we could remove you from that without ever mentioning the legal services organization. One would be to move the law school to Jackson."

Chancellor Fortune promised to help the Senate committee keep its hearing a secret. And a few weeks later

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Chancellor Fortune, denying in federal court that pressure from the legislature or board or bar affected his decision, cut off the Law School's legal services program and its faculty participants. Most of the university community supported the chancellor, reasoning that the university's appropriation from the legislature would suffer if the Law School were not curbed.

Remaining at Ole Miss are fifteen law teachers hired by Dean Morse—mostly liberal Southerners, the men from Yale having left or been fired. The faculty has recommended three names for the vacant deanship. The trouble is, hard-core Magnolians such as Gov. John Bell Williams (who tried last summer to get Morse out), after the embarrassments of Farley and Morse, are scrutinizing candidates for the job more closely than Birchers looking over President Nixon's new Justices. The ABA and AALS regulations say a law faculty should have primary control over selection of a dean; however, this may not deter the college board from naming the current president of the Mississippi bar, Chester Curtis, to the office.

Mr. Curtis, a Clarksdale practitioner with no academic experience, is not the faculty's hero: fourteen of sixteen in a faculty poll voted against him. Last year, Washington turned Curtis down for a federal judge appointment, apparently because his Clarksdale neighbor, the NAACP's Aaron Henry, blackballed him. But to Mississippi trustees looking for an antidote to Morse, Chester Curtis, a recent addition to the Ole Miss Hall of [football] Fame, must look good. Chancellor Fortune, caught between faculty and board, probably wishes he could punt.

2. What the Blacks Found Out

MARSHA L. BERZON

Mrs. Berzon is with the New Orleans Community Action Program, where she does evaluations and participates in policy planning.

On most Saturday afternoons, the town square of Holly Springs in northern Mississippi is filled with black people, shopping, frequenting the shabby black-owned taverns on the side streets, strolling and socializing, or just leaning against posts, watching. The whites don't come into town much except to buy food; for clothing, furniture, appliances and such they drive the 40 miles to Memphis. Of course, the businesses on the square are owned by white men and run by white cashiers and salespeople, and in the imposing red brick courthouse in the center of the square white officials make and enforce laws for the town and for surrounding Marshall County.

For the last few Saturdays Holly Springs has been as crowded as ever, but the stores have been almost empty. The black people of Marshall County have declared a boycott of the stores around the square until a far-reaching list of demands is met. The demands are political, and the use of the boycott is the result of a rather sophisticated realization that in towns like Holly Springs, the only power of the black people is at present economic, whereas the power of the white merchants is both political and economic. Thus, by hurting them economically, the blacks hope to force the white merchants to exert considerable political power on their behalf.

The boycott is not new to Mississippi or even to Holly Springs. When student activists from the North were working in the state in large numbers during the summers of 1964 and 1965, similar boycotts were organized, one in Holly Springs. But the town fathers put through a court injunction declaring the boycott illegal. And the student workers, interested in producing measurable results during their summer's crusade, did not take time to build an organization which could function and fight after they left. So the boycott merely bankrupted one or two merchants on the square; little else, seemingly, was accomplished.

In contrast, the new movement has been organized exclusively by local blacks. At a march and rally held the Saturday before Easter, all but four of the 200 or so participants were Negro, and most were local poor blacks. (The vulnerable black middle class is composed largely of teachers and has seen the reprisals taken by the school board against those who speak out. This group has respected the boycott even though no pickets have been used, but it has not given vocal support.)

The protesters on the afternoon when I was in Holly Springs gathered in front of the courthouse. An equally large number of black lookers-on also assembled, being careful to leave a distance between themselves and the actual marchers. All were faced by several Rod Steiger-type policemen who stared down at them from a foot-high brick wall. A minister spoke; also a bricking contractor who has been denied jobs in the county for some time, and a quiet-spoken ex-teacher fired for his political activities. The crowd responded gospel-style. Until their demands were met, no black people would shop in Holly Springs, they promised, and added in the jargon of the times that the demands were "non-negotiable." Back at their church headquarters after the rally, the leaders noted that one problem they had was to spread the news of the boycott, because blacks from other counties were buying in town. The three men also began to work out which of the demands were essential and which could be sacrificed in a settlement.

To a Northern city dweller the list of demands sounds familiar: among others, a police-civilian review board; black representatives on school, draft and welfare

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boards; poor blacks to be added to the committees advising use of federal school funds for poor children, more jobs for Negroes. But the origin of some of these demands gives clues to the new resolve among the black people in Marshall County.

The demand for a voice in the administration of funds from the Elementary and Secondary Education Act's Title I, for example, is more than an attempt to jump on the community control bandwagon. Title I funds are supposed to be used for supplementary programs to improve the education of poor children. But in Holly Springs and in other parts of Mississippi, Title I funds have been used to pay for the existing services of the black schools, so that money which would otherwise have been used for those schools could be diverted to the white schools. When HEW cut off funds from the Marshall County schools last spring because no real attempt had been made to desegregate them, the black schools were left almost penniless.

Tales began to filter home from the classrooms: in 8th grade biology, there were three textbooks for fifty-two children; one school bus with room for fifty-four children carried 108 every day on a 40-mile journey. The anger that began to build up in the black community was not over the failure to integrate but over the total disregard for the welfare of black children which the school board demonstrated by refusing even token integration. Any attitude short of the intransigence actually displayed, the black people felt, would at least have retained the Title I funds.

Getting together at PTA meetings, angry mothers muttered their complaints and finally got upset enough to try to do something. With the support of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the United PTAs sponsored a series of marches and rallies in the square. But once again, the city government managed to halt the protest. A law was passed that discouraged marches in the square by severely regulating them. And two of the protest leaders were arrested on charges of drug possession—unconvincing accusations since both men were intensely religious and known not to drink or smoke cigarettes, much less marijuana.

Some things, however, had changed in Holly Springs since the boycott injunction a few years earlier. The blacks in Marshall County now had easy access to legal advice and representation: the Northern Mississippi Rural Legal Assistance Office, funded by OEO, has an office in Holly Springs. In a legal onslaught against the local power structure, it brought a suit contesting the marching law and another asking the federal courts to require real desegregation of the schools. In the first case, a strongly worded decision was handed down by a local federal judge, who condemned the marching law as a blatant and unconstitutional violation of free speech. In the desegregation case, the district court approved a rather minimal plan. But since HEW has no power to deny funds to districts under court order, this decision, while unsatisfactory, had the immediate effect of bringing back the Title I funds. And on April 15, the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals announced that the lower court's order was insufficient and that a plan to accomplish full desegregation must be put into effect next December.

Once interest and anger were aroused, the apparent amelioration of the school situation did not quiet people; there were many other things to be angry about. The food stamp program in the county had been cut out by local elected officials in favor of a commodities program that the recipients found much less satisfactory. Supposedly, the food stamps were too expensive to distribute. And announced urban renewal plans for Holly Springs called for more than $2 million, most of it in federal funds, to be spent entirely on such niceties as putting a canopy all around the square and shutters on all the store windows, and none on fixing the collapsing houses and unpaved streets in the town's nearby black residential areas. Moreover, though the restored Title I funds were being used as intended for supplemental programs, the black parents still had no voice in how the funds were spent. According to federal law, local advisory boards for Title I are supposed to include many parents of poor children.

Given these situations, the effect of various federal programs on this little rural county in Mississippi (population 25,000, 70 per cent Negro) becomes an important question. The programs appear as both villains and heroes to the poor black population. On the surface, they have worked against the blacks because the federal administrators have entrusted their planning and supervision to white governing bodies. Given the power to decide whose interests are to be considered, these bodies naturally decide in favor of the white community.

Yet, such programs were clearly meant to benefit the poor, and the legislation that accompanies them often gives some substance to the notion that those affected by a program are to have a role in running it. With the legal services office, another federal program, to help them understand federal laws, the Negroes of Marshall County are discovering that they are not just being discriminated against—they are used to that. Now they find that they are being cheated by the traditional power structure in Mississippi of funds and concrete advantages that seem to be theirs according to the law. Thus, although the federal programs have not significantly changed the blacks' lives, their operation has, in a somewhat perverse way, increased the resolve of the blacks to demand changes.

Will the boycott succeed in forcing white acquiescence in the blacks' demands? The organization leading the movement, a newly resuscitated group known as the Marshall County League for Progress, seems strong. After only a few days of the boycott, a local department store manager pulled one of the black leaders aside and said something had to be done; his business could not stand the boycott much longer. Significantly, this same man told me, a stranger, that he didn't know of any boycott in town. Gazing around his perfectly empty store he said he had seen no change whatever in his volume of business!

And there, perhaps, is the key. The white people of Holly Springs are unwilling to let the outside world know that their control over the Negro population has developed

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cracks and that they are no longer completely masters in what they regard as their own house. They cannot admit the power the blacks really have once they take up their own cause.

Whether the boycott will succeed appears, then, to depend not on the willingness of the whites to concede but rather on the resolve of the black community to maintain discipline within its own membership and to continue the economic pressure indefinitely. The very existence of a strong organization, together with the help given by the legal services office, has enabled the blacks to gather information which can only increase their determination. They have found, for example, that the four major plants in Marshall County employ more than 1,500 whites and only 160 blacks, while the population ratio is much closer to the reverse; that there are no Negroes on draft boards in the entire state, although there are many vacancies on the boards; that the welfare board in Marshall County has no blacks and the school board only one. The blacks now have a concrete picture of their situation, rather than vague feelings of discontent; they are able to formulate clear goals and thereby generate a willingness to hold out until the goals are met.

In the North, the liberal community has been through three or four causes since its preoccupation with the plight of Southern blacks. But in Marshall County, the black people do not have this freedom to change concerns. To be sure, the Marshall County League for Progress is using as a groundwork the tactics suggested by the white civil rights workers of several years ago and the laws they helped pass. But most important, in creating this new resolve has been that, as one young schoolgirl involved in the movement put it, "people around here are getting more intelligent every day."

LAKE SUPERIOR, PRIVATE DUMP

GLADWIN HILL
Mr. Hill is the national correspondent of The New York Times *on environmental and conservation news.*

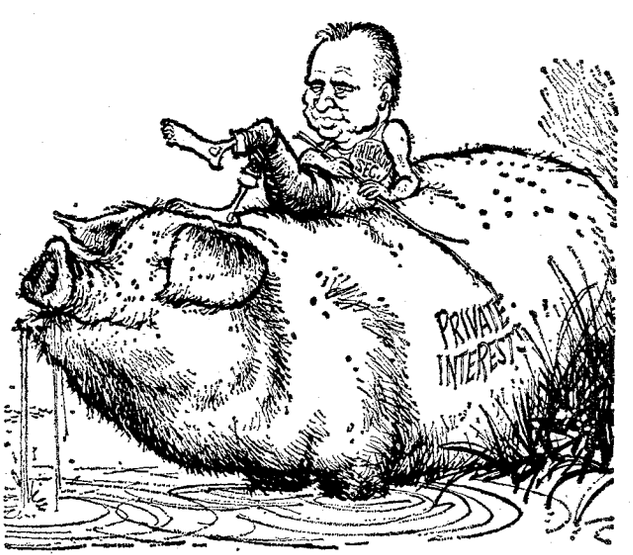
Lake Superior, renowned for its size (31,820 square miles) and its purity, has acquired a new distinction as the focus of one of the oddest pieces of federal skulduggery in a long time. The lake's volume (3,000 cubic miles) has given it a degree of immunity to the ordinary infusion of municipal and industrial sewage that has despoiled most of the nation's waterways. But Superior now has a special problem: the daily injection of some 60,000 tons of iron-ore tailings by the Reserve Mining Company of Duluth. This has been going on for thirteen years and is planned to continue for at least another forty.

Reserve, a subsidiary of the Republic and Armco steel corporations, wangled a permit for the dumping from the Army Corps of Engineers (responsible for obstructions to navigable waters), on the argument that its discharge would be innocuous gravel that would disappear into the lake's great depths.

In reality part of the refuse has piled up in an artificial peninsula that now protrudes a half mile from shore. Each day's discard is estimated by federal investigators to contain nearly a ton of nickel, more than a ton of zinc, nearly 3 tons of copper, more than 3 tons of lead, 4½ tons of chromium, 30 tons of phosphorous, and 373 tons of manganese; and 39 per cent of the total material, pulverized so microscopically that it may or may not be inert, is drifting in the water to authorities know not where.

Even the Corps of Engineers became uneasy about what it was sanctioning, and when the dumping permit last came up for renewal, asked the Department of the Interior for guidance. Secretary Stewart Udall directed five of his agencies—the Water Pollution Control Administration, the Geological Survey, and the Bureaus of Mines, Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, and Commercial Fisheries—to form an investigatory task force. It spent most of last year on its study. The Interior Department's regional coordinator, Charles H. Stoddard—a man of long experience in natural resource agencies—compiled the task force's findings in a thick report, and on December 31 sent copies to the Engineers, Reserve Mining, Minnesota officials and other closely involved organizations and individuals.

The "Stoddard report," as it became known, said that Reserve was, by standard criteria, polluting the lake, and should be required to shift its dumping after a three-year adjustment period onto the shore—where the five other mining companies in the area have been doing their dumping all along. This brought the roof down. Reserve quickly mobilized what have been described as "tremendous pres-



Oliphant, Boston Globe

"If You Set Water Standards So High, You Might Really Hinder Industrial Development."—Walter J. Hickel

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sures" on Washington to quash the findings. In the direct line of fire was Rep. John A. Blatnik, Democrat, of Minnesota's 8th District (which includes Duluth) and co-sponsor with Maine's Sen. Edmund Muskie of recent major anti-pollution measures. Representative Blatnik is chairman of the House Rivers and Harbors Subcommittee, to which Interior is fearfully beholden for clearance of water legislation. He has denied having been the agent for any of the pressure on Interior—although how he managed to stand aloof and yet remain on good terms with his $350-million constituent, Reserve Mining, he has not yet explained.

In any case, the pressure got results. Secretary Udall remained silent for the moment, but his Assistant Secretary for Water Quality and Research, Max N. Edwards, jumped or was pushed into the gauche position of denouncing and disowning the department's work. Although the findings had been developed by competent Interior specialists in the course of assigned duties, Edwards asserted that the report contained "inaccuracies" (but he specified none) and branded it as "not an official document" because it had not been "approved" in Washington. Such "approval" was not called for in the original frame of reference; it is difficult to see how anyone at a desk in Washington could reasonably gainsay the work of a professional field force; and in any case the asserted facts remained unchallenged. The quashing maneuver was further exposed when Udall's Water Pollution Control Commissioner, Joe G. Moore, Jr., publicly defended the report even as it was being ordered withheld from circulation.

Secretary Udall himself implicitly endorsed it within a fortnight by using its information as the basis for convoking a regular federal-state water pollution abatement hearing in Duluth on May 13.

For three months—during which time Udall, Edwards and Moore were succeeded by Republicans Walter J. Hickel, Carl L. Klein, and David Dominick—the Water Pollution Control Administration (FWPCA) proceeded, as is customary, to produce its own report as the starting point for the Duluth hearing. It perforce relied on much of the material in the Stoddard report—with one notable exception: instead of urging that Reserve be stopped from dumping in the lake, it merely recommended "continuing surveillance" of its activities.

Unfortunately the laws governing federal abatement actions were framed to *correct* pollution rather than *prevent* it, and no one contends that any general pollution of Lake Superior is more than incipient. None of the Governors of the Lake Superior states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan having seen fit to exercise his right to invite federal intervention, the FWPCA, merely to establish its jurisdiction in the situation, must prove (*a*) that the ore wastes pollute the water and (*b*) that this pollution crosses state lines. Failing this, the FWPCA can only fall back on an interstate "health and welfare" clause in the law—as it did with the incipient pollution of Lake Tahoe on the California-Nevada border—which has never been tested against strong state contradiction.

This brought the May abatement hearing—before a conservation-minded audience of 600 in the ballroom of the Hotel Duluth—into battle on ground most favorable to Reserve Mining. Argument was focused on whether Reserve was doing demonstrable interstate damage, rather than on the logical question of whether it had any right to use a nationally prized lake as its private dump and pose even a *risk* of eventual damage. A negative view on the latter question is held by Wisconsin's Sen. Gaylord Nelson, who has taken an active role in the controversy, and by other conservation campaigners, among them the Sierra Club.

The FWPCA's admittedly unfirm preventive position was not conspicuously bolstered when Assistant Secretary Klein went out of his way at the outset to reiterate angrily the official nonexistence of the Stoddard report and to emphasize that it had no bearing on the hearing. (The fact—apparently unknown to Mr. Klein—was that the FWPCA's own report took formal cognizance of the Stoddard report, in a brief, incomplete résumé of it. And when Mr. Stoddard himself—now retired from Interior—took the rostrum as a witness and detailed the report's validity, not one of Mr. Klein's departmental associates nor any of the state officials present challenged a word he said.)

Representative Blatnik, nattily attired, addressed the hearing with the added sartorial fillip of two hats, one labeled "Washington" and one labeled "8th Minnesota District." Under the one, he extolled his record as a foe of water pollution. Under the other he emphasized twice in fifteen minutes that "the federal government cannot take any action unless research proves that pollution is crossing state lines." And he heartily endorsed the watered-down recommendation that Reserve Mining be kept "under surveillance."

Some official faces froze when one of the nation's foremost conservationists, Thomas L. Kimball, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation, took the floor to cite the Stoddard report:

> Suspended solids have been found at least 15 miles downshore from the place of deposition. The report also concluded that the recommended water quality criteria for zinc, cadmium and phosphorous for aquatic life production are being exceeded.
>
> In my opinion, the report's most significant conclusion was that there are reasonable alternatives to dumping the tailings in Lake Superior. . . . The added cost would be roughly 3 per cent of the value ($12.80 per ton) of the end product.

(Reserve Mining, its forces at the hearing supported by the expertise of a Washington public relations firm, rushed out a release saying that changing its dumping practices would cost upward of $250 million [thirty-five times the Stoddard report estimate] and that onshore disposal "would create conservation problems, not solve them."

The hearing, which Secretary Udall had billed as "exploratory," recessed after three days to give the parties a month or so to digest all the conflicting contentions. But if it accomplished nothing else, it established to the satisfaction of any uncertain observers the undeniable existence and substance of a report that for five months a number of people had been trying to bury.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Politics of the Movement

THE AGONY OF THE AMERICAN LEFT. *By Christopher Lasch. Alfred A. Knopf. 220 pp. $4.95.*

JOHN McDERMOTT

Mr. McDermott is field secretary of the New University Conference and a free-lance lecturer. Formerly, he was associate editor of Viet Report *and has written widely on the Vietnamese War. His book on technology and society will be published later in the year by Random House.*

The Agony of the American Left is at once intellectually lucid and politically opaque. The distinction, I recognize, is an odd one and difficult to explain but it holds nevertheless. Each of the five essays collected in this volume contains an unusual wealth of insight into the history of the American Left and its recurring (and, Lasch feels, highly abortive) efforts to reform our society. In the essay on Populism, for example, American domestic society is portrayed at one point as an empire, dealing with its own minorities as it deals with its client-states overseas. The overwhelming and now traditional intellectual sterility of American Marxism is dissected in the essay on black nationalism. In his essay on the Socialist Party, Lasch traces out the causes and implications of our failure to link politics and culture in any creative way. In the same essay, he suggests that the current Left reaches back much more to the Socialists and the Wobblies than the movements of the thirties, a theme, incidentally, which one would like to see developed much further than he does.

His history of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which originally appeared in *The Nation* (all of these essays have appeared previously in various periodicals), remains the best analytical piece on the anti-Communist liberalism of the McCarthy period. Here, as elsewhere, Lasch's purpose is to illuminate the past in order to enlighten the present. The value of his analysis is doubly confirmed as day by day the same kind of perverse liberalism, led often by the same men as in the fifties (for example, Sidney Hook) tries to revive itself in order to lead a new purge against "subversion," "totalitarianism" and other dangers from the Left.

Yet, for all the illumination, a political opaqueness still remains. It stems, I think, from Lasch's almost unremitting failure to perceive the current Left movement in this country as a political movement per se giving expression to profound social and economic grievances. Instead Lasch, along with Kenneth Keniston, whose work he cites with approval, insists on portraying today's radicals as animated by moral or cultural (or even) generational protests only marginally related to American politics and social life. Accordingly, the tempered political judgment which characterizes his treatment of earlier American movements such as the Socialist Party before World War I, or even American society today, is put aside when he reaches the New Left and we must settle instead for unrestrained and unenlightening polemic.

The New Left or, as it calls itself, the Movement, now about ten years old, is a political community of anarchists, anti-warniks, blacks, black nationalists, draft resisters, GI dissidents, intellectuals, liberals, libertarians, Marxists, Marxist-Leninists, C. Wright Millsians, pacifists, Socialists, students, young professionals, syndicalists, women and youth (among others). *Fortune* credits it with about 125,000 student activists and suggests that its close sympathizers on campus total 2.3 million. Numbers in the other categories are difficult to estimate. (I'd be interested to see the FBI's.) In any case it is a mass movement and it continues to grow. Among whites, the SDS chapters and campus-based anti-war and resistance committees have been the most important organizations but their hegemony is being challenged by the steady growth of organizations for non-students, particularly GIs, women, and young professionals.

It is a political movement and it has scored some impressive political victories. In 1960-64, led by SNCC, it smashed legal segregation in the South. In the spring of 1965, led at first by SDS, it began the mammoth task of checking the war in Vietnam. It is useful to recall here how bitterly opposed older leftists such as Irving Howe, and peace organizations such as National SANE, were to the principle that the anti-war movement must take the road of open, mass and, if necessary, illegal opposition rather than limit itself to intellectual dissent and legal petition. I raise this point of history not for polemical purposes but rather to underline the political character of that SDS decision. The successes which grew from it were political successes: building a mass, radical anti-war movement, placing a ceiling on the duration and weaponry of the Vietnamese War, and preventing the growth of a mass movement of the Right over the frustrations of the war. (People tend to forget that in the absence of a mass, radical opposition to the Korean War, both Truman and Eisenhower not only believed it politically acceptable to use nuclear weapons in Korea but were under considerable pressure to do so. Similarly those critics who blame the rise of George Wallace on the Movement forget that during the Korean War Joe McCarthy won almost a majority for a much more dangerous domestic and international program.)

The Movement played a major role in driving LBJ from office, and its activities in Chicago during the Democratic convention were decisive in Humphrey's defeat last November. This latter fact is made clear by analysis of the vote falloff in 1968. A smaller percentage of registered voters went to the polls than in any national election since 1948. The overwhelming majority of the *registered* stay-at-homes were Democrats and many of them had learned from the Movement's activities in Chicago how bankrupt and anti-democratic the official liberalism has become.

The Movement has set off a wave of change on campus, especially in the professional associations, and it has created publications (some of serious intellectual weight) with a monthly circulation of over a million. In a brilliantly conceived and executed campaign it has succeeded in building a resistance movement within the armed forces, recruiting in the process and for the first time large numbers of working-class youth to its ranks.

I do not mean to overlook the Movement's failures. SDS has been temporarily stalemated by a tactic of declining effectiveness—the sit-in—and now appears strategically uncertain about its immediate objectives. Similarly, I would not exaggerate the ultimate significance of its victories to date, or denigrate the force of other factors (e.g., NLF victories in Vietnam). But what must be understood is that the activities of the Movement were decided upon by groups of political people engaged in political analyses of this society in pursuit of political objectives. Some of the decisions, for example to begin organizing within the armed forces, were taken independently and simultaneously by a number of dif-

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ferent groups. By contrast, the decision to go over into the opposition in the spring of 1965 was taken within the SDS national office. But in all these things the initial decisions were quickly ratified by the actions of large numbers of people who adopted the analyses and actions as their own. This is precisely the kind of reaction one would expect from a movement with a developed political consciousness. Such reactions are inexplicable if one characterizes the Movement, as Lasch often does, as a loose collection of morally "alienated" people which deals not with real issues but with "leftist fancies," led by its "more demented" elements who must be "recall[ed] to their senses (those that ever had any)."

When the views of a writer of Lasch's caliber overlap those of, say, Max Lerner, Sidney Hook, Eric Sevareid, Richard Nixon, or the education editor of *The New York Times*, it is a matter which obviously requires more than passing explanation.

Lasch argues forcefully that the United States is now a post-industrial society, a society in which the problems of poverty, economic deprivation and regimentation to industrial discipline have been or can be solved for the vast majority of Americans. By contrast, in post-industrial society poverty and its kin have become endemic for a minority (mostly black) who are excluded from mainstream America. Simultaneously, mass education removes large numbers of young people

> at a critical period in their lives and for a considerable time from the productive process and . . . from institutional ties to the rest of society. . . . As marginal members of society students as a class, like Black people, are more likely than other classes to be attracted to perspectives highly critical of society, particularly when they are faced with "integration" into society in the form of the draft. This is the basic sociological condition that gives rise to the student Left and the "new radicalism" in general.

It is this perspective, more than anything else which makes Lasch concentrate on the zanier, less responsible and less pleasant elements of the Movement, which make him read its anti-academic clericalism as anti-intellectualism, its combativeness as nihilism, and its contempt for procedural liberalism as incipient totalitarianism. If students are socially marginal it is not primarily their social relationships (e.g., being socially or economically exploited) which animate and are expressed in their politics, for it is precisely these social relationships and experiences which are lacking. Hence, for Lasch, this deficit of social experience can only be made up, so to speak, by ideological assets: a rich analysis of society and the past, a fund of ideology, ample intellectual balance and maturity, and so forth. Because ideological assets like these are exactly what the Movement most lacks, Lasch is led to see in every one of its shortcomings convincing evidence of what he believes is its central and, probably, fatal failure—a lack of program.

Here I find Lasch's analysis of American society very useful and his programmatic suggestions extremely valuable in themselves. But I fear that a misperception about a very tiny point leads him to very large and erroneous consequences. Youth or students *as a class* are not marginal to post-industrial society and they are not created as its by-product. There are no such classes in pre-industrial or even classical industrial society. In both cases, one goes directly from childhood to adulthood without an intermediate stage. The significance of "youth" and "students" in contemporary American society follows from the need of advanced technological society to give very broad technical and scientific training to great masses of people, while at the same time acculturating them to an extraordinarily restricted political, social,

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personal and work life. A hundred years ago 8-year-old girls could be forced into coal mines, fitted into the traces of a hand-pulled coal car and starved into obedience. Today, America's 6-to-24-year-old incipient Adj. A.s, B.A.s, M.S.s, E.E.s, and Ph.D.s must be made technically competent and socially mature but no less obedient in their own way. Since starvation (in the mother country at any rate) is no longer an acceptable sanction to create industrial discipline, discipline must be internalized in industry's human resources while they are young. The acculturation mechanisms of our society have a heavy load to bear. The industrialization of university (and school) life is the answer.

One is not using a metaphor when one speaks of students being turned out like industrial products. It's the simple truth. The university is now one of the main consumers of the nation's capital investments (much of it in the form of tuition). Its open-market structure has been replaced by a managed economy, and the organization of its productive process, the division of its labor, and the specifications on its end products have been thoroughly rationalized. Some institutions, such as Harvard and Berkeley, even offer quality control.

Such changes in the university, the *details* of which Lasch describes quite brilliantly, are not aptly characterized by his concept "post-industrial." In fact, analogous changes are now going on throughout American society. (See my article "Knowledge Is Power," *The Nation*, April 14.) Whereas formerly only hard goods were the subject of industrial production, now the production of students, research, health care, social services, residence and transportation systems, culture and even lower echelon managers is increasingly becoming capital intensive, management intensive and rationalized at every stage. The processes of industrialization, formerly experienced by a relatively small segment of our population, are now permeating the society as a whole. Students and youth, i.e., those who are in process of being made into industrial commodities, naturally feel the pressures most sharply, in the form of speed-up, tighter intellectual discipline, restrictive educational channels, mass organization, bureaucratic high-handedness, and so forth. Selective Service (and punitive cuts in loans and scholarships by legislatures) supplement their exploitation. Accordingly, they have created a massive and militant response primarily directed at the immediate agencies of their exploitation, the military and, especially, the university. The latter's pretense to being still a simple community of scholars they find particularly galling. (Lasch incidentally has not yet completely shed this old myth.)

And more widely, the new wave of industrialization is re-creating the classical problems of industrial society, but in altered form. They include adulterated air, social exile for the elderly, political disenfranchisement for the masses, and a decline in certain aspects of people's living standards: residential congestion, lack of social (not recreational) life, decline in the quality of goods per dollar spent, and deprivation of health care. (An adult movement project in New York, the Health Policy Advisory Center, estimates that at least half the city's population is now medically indigent, while 80 per cent of the city's residents are indigent with respect to major medical care.) But all of this is a story in itself. Suffice it to say that the Movement is the beginning of the American people's response to a new wave of industrialization masquerading under the name of technological progress. Industrial society has not ended; in a real sense it has hardly begun.

Lasch's main contribution in these five essays is his dissection of the causes and effects of the American intellectuals' isolation from mass movements in this century. Especially in his essay on the Congress for Cultural Freedom (originally published in these pages) he shows how their elitism and power worship—the latter usually disguised as "pragmatism" or "realism"—have created a profound and destructive intellectual, moral and social chasm between them and the political movements of the Left which have had such hopeful beginnings in the past and whose failures are symbolized in the title of his book. The problem has been and remains the problem of being intellectuals not *to* the Movement but *of* the Movement, not its clergy but its staff, not its organizational commissars but its intellectual cadre. More pointedly, there is no sense in demanding that the Movement have a program here and now. Such a program is now shaping itself as our people, long politically dormant, look at their society with a critical eye, learn its realities in sometimes ill-focused but always instructive struggles, and come to recognize what they want and what they don't. Left intellectuals should add their considerable talents to that process, and not be content to chafe at its slowness. High on the agenda is the task of building an adult movement on the Left of a size and strength commensurate to that of the students, co-belligerent with them, and capable of shaping the radical program Lasch demands. It is a job hardly begun and, despite my critical observations, it is a job to which, I feel, this book makes substantial contribution.

Dazzling Nonsense

THE ARTIST AS CRITIC: Critical Writings of Oscar Wilde. *Richard Ellmann, ed. Random House. 446 pp. $10.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN
Mr. Sullivan teaches Anglo-Irish literature at Columbia and is completing a study of Oscar Wilde for the Columbia Essays on Modern Writers.

Two collections of Oscar Wilde's literary criticism have appeared in the last year. The first was edited by Stanley Weintraub and published for the college trade by the University of Nebraska Press; the second is by Richard Ellmann and is designed, presumably, for the public at large. A comparison of the two books might be interesting on the grounds of what each editor has chosen to include or omit (both, oddly enough, omit "The Rise of Historical Criticism" while at the same time calling attention to the importance of that essay in their respective introductions) and the assumptions that lay behind two far from identical selections. But the fact that two books of this kind have been published at all, and at so brief an interval, is even more interesting. Is it a sign that Wilde, for whom fashion was all, is now coming into his own? And are we who were always amused, often exhilarated and never really shocked by Oscar's dazzling nonsense, now asked to put aside our familiar image of the man and take him seriously not only as artist but as critic?

"I put my genius into my life," he told André Gide, "only my talent into my work." The image begins to form about that point. We still remember Oscar, it seems, even if we haven't read him. If we have read him, we remember a novel, a ballad, a play, perhaps a fairy tale or two, but not much more. To have read Oscar Wilde seems to have been part of growing up, but it has never seemed relevant to the serious thing we think of as maturity. A boy may still be fascinated by the deliberately sinister, carefully bejeweled Gothicism of *Dorian Gray*, but the man is put off by the simplistic morality of it, the obtrusive artifice and artificiality, and he is perhaps amused that a grandfather could have thought it a "bad" book. An adolescent, his imagination unrefined by judgment, may be caught up in the easy rhythms and histrionic images of *Reading Gaol*, and if at school he can identify

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at once with the doomed prisoner who

. . . walked amongst the Trial Men
In a suit of shabby grey;
A cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay:
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

But we all outgrow that prison as we grow into others. Ironically, the one work of Oscar Wilde that continues to provide unalloyed delight is the most irrelevant of all, the perfect embodiment of one of Wilde's cardinal critical principles that "all art is entirely useless." *The Importance of Being Earnest* is nothing but itself, the most perfectly wrought comedy in the English language since the plays of Sheridan and Goldsmith. That is to say a good deal, but it is not to say that Wilde is an artist of the first rank.

What, then, is the importance of being Oscar? Richard Ellmann answers judiciously; "What I think can be urged for Wilde is that for his own reasons and in his own way he laid the basis for many critical positions which are still debated in much the same terms, and which we like to attribute to more ponderous names." The operative clause here is "for his own reasons and in his own way," for Wilde was not a systematic critic and became one, as Weintraub says, almost in spite of himself. It began in 1884 when his brother Willie, then drama critic for *Vanity Fair*, went off on holiday, leaving Oscar to fill the unsigned column as he willed. Sometime later he was contributing articles on his own to *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Dramatic Review* and other publications. His one book of criticism, a collection of his major essays throughly revised, appeared as *Intentions* in 1891.

From the beginning his mode was a combination of iconoclasm and what Ellmann calls calculated juvenescence. (At 23 he was writing to Gladstone that he was "little more than a boy," and even in court he injudiciously testified that he was two years younger than he was.) Paradox was the brightest weapon in his critical armory, a weapon afterward taken in hand with equal virtuosity by Chesterton in a more orthodox cause and by Shaw in more militant and secular campaigns. But Wilde's windmills were the complacencies of aging Victorianism, and his cause—taken up in the name of youth—was "to realise not merely our own lives, but the collective spirit of the race, and so to make ourselves absolutely modern, in the true meaning of the word modernity. For he to whom the present is the only thing that is present, knows nothing of the age in which he lives. To realize the nineteenth century, one must realize every century that has preceded it and that contributed to its making." Thirty years later T. S. Eliot was to say very much the same thing and was listened to with an attention bordering on reverence.

In this sense Wilde is a precursor to much of 20th-century criticism. The emphasis is upon what is individual, but that which is individual must always be seen in a recognizable cultural context. The function of the critic is, therefore, that of the seer, and the critic as artist is as important and as independent as poet or painter. But if he is precursor to the 20th century, Wilde is also a product of the 19th. Before him Matthew Arnold had announced that the aim of criticism is "to see the object as in itself it really is," and Walter Pater, subscribing to but subtly altering Arnold's proposition, had added that "the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's impression as it really is, to discriminate it, to realize it distinctly." Wilde, by an apparently logical progression, took the final step out of the old century into the new by avowing that "the highest criticism is the record of one's own soul"—or, in short, one must see the object as it is *not*. From this follows a whole string of critical paradoxes: art does not imitate nature, nature imitates art (Hamlet holding up that ghastly mirror to nature is merely demonstrating his own insanity in all things pertaining to art—or life); content does not determine form, form determines content; literature does not reflect the spirit of an age (this is Taine stood on his head), but that spirit is created out of the passion of literature.

It all sounds very familiar—even to the Big Words which, as Joyce was later to remark in a rather sour mood, make us all so unhappy. Art and life, it seems, so interpenetrate that while the artist must be aloof, detached, impersonal, like a Flaubertian god paring his fingernails, his art must also be incriminated in the sordidness (you might even say, though it is a treacherous word, sin) of existence. When Wilde was seduced to "feasting with panthers" by that wretched man Robert Ross—he, not Lord Alfred Douglas, is the authentic villain in the Wilde melodrama—Oscar discovered with a kind of shocked satisfaction that he was, so to speak, legitimately criminal. This was not, however, the ferocious ingrown criminality of a Genet but a poignant, and toward the end a pathetic, awareness that the artist is at once both self-exiled from society and profoundly involved in the guilt of his fellow men. In the light of this it is not surprising that Wilde, who saw no point in attempting to escape the punishment of society when guilt itself was inescapable, should begin to be obsessed while in prison with the tragic figure of Christ. That figure dominates *De Profundis* (Wilde's letter to Douglas from prison, originally entitled by Wilde *Epistola: In Carcere et Vinculis*), and continues to appear, I am afraid rather clownishly, through the ding-dong stanzas of *Reading Gaol*. For tragedy was simply not Wilde's mode, and the failure of that poem illustrates the truth of Wilde's earlier, happier dictum: "All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling."

Those feelings found expression in another way, a final example of life imitating art, the day before he died. On November 29, 1900, though far too ill to receive the Sacrament, he was received into the Catholic Church. He died at 2 P.M. on November 30. There was nothing more for him to do.

Three Generations

THE FAMILY CARNOVSKY. *By I. J. Singer. Translated by Joseph Singer. Vanguard Press. 405 pp. $6.95.*

ABRAHAM BEZANKER

Mr. Bezanker teaches at San Jose State College. He is working on a book of criticism dealing with contemporary Jewish-American writers.

Many readers will recognize the Singer name. Some will confuse I. J. with Isaac B. Singer, Israel Joshua's younger brother, who is still alive and who continues to publish prolifically. The warmth of the relationship between these two gifted Polish Jews is indicated in a number of the recollections in I. B. Singer's *In My Father's Court*, where we get glimpses of the older boy's quarreling with his father, leaving home to join the army during World War I, and returning miraculously as a deserter, to make his way in Warsaw, first as a painter and then as a writer. Isaac recounts there and elsewhere his brother's struggle to find himself, as a person and as a writer: the effort to break away from the Hasidic orthodox life in which he was raised, his outright rejection of this life, and his drive during World War I and after to make his way as a member of the European intelligentsia and to become a German writer rather than a Yiddish one; finally, his ultimate return to the Yiddish camp, as a spinner of yarns and author of some powerful and well-received novels, among them *Yoshe Kalb* and *The Brothers Ashkenazi*.

Isaac Singer says of his brother Joshua, who died in 1944, that he was "by nature a story teller," and the phrase,

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coming as it does from one so firmly established as the writer of "Gimpel the Fool," hints at a distinction between the two and at a tone of admiration which would be envy in a lesser man. Much of the Yiddish writing that reached this country, either by way of the newspapers or through the books of men like Sholom Aleichem has a quality of neighborly intimacy which reads less like fiction than like gossip—what Jews call a *meintze*. As such it gets its special flavor from the eccentricity of those observed, and from the warm humor that embraces the ghetto-born in an indiscriminate and protective fashion.

A great deal of this work was published in the Jewish *Daily Forward*, which in the days of immigrant life was a kind of Jewish *Science Monitor*, redolent with "Bintel Brief" (bundles of letters home) and warmed by nostalgic memories of the Old Country, with its slower, more friendly ways. To Jews trying to re-create aspects of this sort of life in the United States, it preserved the sense of what was good in Europe—or at least familiar, and to be cherished on that account.

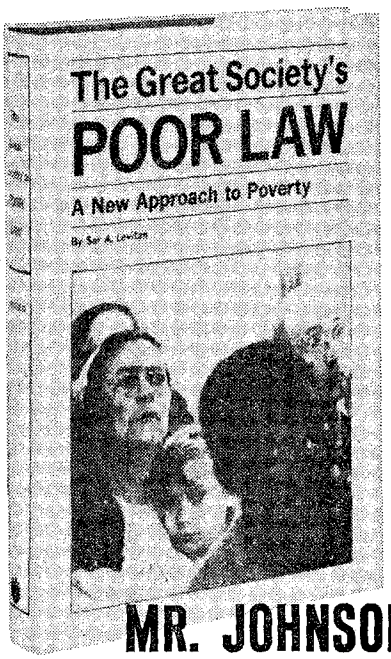
I. J. Singer wrote notably in this vein, principally in the collection of stories called *The River Breaks Up*, which contains his famous "Pearls," a vein which continues to be mined with such skill and charm by Isaac: tales of all sorts of vestigial recluses, ghetto-born immigrants who are living out their last days in penury and isolation, and whose very language is dying with them.

In 1932, I. J. Singer broke new ground with *Yoshe Kalb*, a tragic and moving story of a love blighted by lust, custom and loneliness. The theme fashioned there with such power and imagination is repeated with varying degrees of success in his subsequent works: the tradition of Jewish life, with its arranged marriages and its strict adherence to the laws of the Torah, is a burden which no one can escape, either by outright atheism or by assimilation, no matter what his intellectual independence or his financial success. That novel, and the others which followed it, including *The Brothers Ashkenazi* and the present work (published in Yiddish in 1943 and now translated for the first time by his son), are totally devoid of humor and are marked instead by a somber tone and a quality of restraint quite different from the homely tales with which I. J. Singer began his career.

The Family Carnovsky is a chronicle of three generations which begins with David, a young Polish Jew who rebels against the orthodox ways of his father's household and, with his bride, leaves his homeland to become a successful lumber merchant in Germany. He is a proud man: proud of his learning, his intelligence, and his adaptability, and he succeeds in raising a handsome and talented son, Georg, in his adopted country. The boy is plagued by the normal problems of adolescence, but more by constant reminders that he is neither an orthodox Jew nor a true German. He refuses one prearranged marriage, is crushed by an unhappy love affair with a Jewish girl, Elsa Landau, who becomes enamored of the political activism of the twenties.

In stalwart Carnovsky fashion, Georg manages to become a successful physician and to marry a gentile girl who adores him for his looks, his flair and his talent, but has little understanding of the man himself. He sires a son, Jegor, who grows up in the poisonous climate of pre-Nazi Germany to become even less Jewish than his father and fanatically contemptuous of his grandfather. The family's fortunes are destroyed by the advent of Hitlerism and the entire family, including grandfather David, makes its way to the United States, where the boy, Jegor, is caught up in a futile and pathetic effort to establish his non-Jewish identity.

What is recorded here is the inexorable and cruel destruction of a way of life which is hermetically sealed against the tides of history and which leaves its hu-



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man flotsam strewn across the face of Europe and America, vital in its dedication to religious idealism yet powerless to cope with the social and political forces of the 20th century. The somberness and the nobility of the sacrifice are to some extent negated by the stereotypical characterizations, but individual episodes—notably the love affair between Georg and Elsa Landau, and the immigrant's first impressions of the New World—are evocative; and the novel, though less powerful than *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, is sweeping in its experience.

Constitutional Milestone

EVERYMAN'S CONSTITUTION: Historical Essays on the Fourteenth Amendment, the "Conspiracy Theory," and American Constitutionalism. *By Howard Jay Graham. State Historical Society of Wisconsin. 631 pp. $12.95.*

JOHN ANTHONY SCOTT

Mr. Scott is visiting professor of legal history at Rutgers University, and is the author of The Defense of Gracchus Babeuf before the High Court of Vendôme *(University of Massachusetts Press). He is presently preparing a biography of Supreme Court Justice Joseph Philo Bradley.*

Dr. Howard J. Graham is an authority on the Fourteenth Amendment. He has been investigating its meaning and its history, with patient anonymity, for the past thirty years; and, from time to time, has published in the law reviews remarkable essays illuminating various aspects of his subject and demolishing misconceptions. These articles, hitherto available only to a limited audience among members of the legal and historical professions, are now collected between the covers of a single book and offered to a wider public.

One can predict that Dr. Graham's work will become a basic reference for legal, college and high school libraries; and that it will provide, for the years ahead, a point of departure for serious students of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The occasion of this publication is the centennial of the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment: the issue of Dr. Graham's monumental study derives urgency and relevance from the crisis of racism in American society. There are immense latent powers in the Amendment for dealing with racial inequality and discrimination in all its forms. These powers need to be understood and mobilized if the American people are to rid themselves of the social sickness that menaces their survival.

The theme of Dr. Graham's book is stated in the conclusion:

> These things, then, at last, are crystal clear: racial inequality is slavery's vestige and vengeance. Racial inequality has been constitutionally outlawed for a century; it is individually, morally, and socially repugnant; nationally disgraceful, and internationally menacing. Hence racial inequality unquestionably is the gravest threat, "the gravest brutality of our time." And time itself has run out.

This theme is buttressed and knit together by the diverse essays. They form a learned and at times a brilliant survey of the origins and development of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Before the Civil War, Dr. Graham tells us, abolitionism was a pioneer civil rights movement that tackled racism and slavery head on. The abolitionists were committed not only to ending slavery but to re-educating the American people on the issue of black-white relationships and the nature of interracial democracy. Abolitionists were committed to winning the privileges and immunities of American citizenship for all persons, regardless of color, born in the United States and subject to their jurisdiction. Black men, along with all others coming to these shores, were entitled to full civic rights—had they not watered this land with their blood and tears, and had they not died for it more prodigally than anyone else?

Out of their political struggle, Dr. Graham continues, these early interracial thinkers erected a body of constitutional doctrine that had a deep impact upon contemporary society. Their doctrine was enshrined in the great Civil War amendments (especially the Fourteenth) and the state and national legislation that effectuated them.

The constitutional revolution thus carried through was designed to sweep away the political disabilities under which black people labored. The central purpose of the new fundamental law was to mobilize the total authority of government in the task of eradicating forever the odious heritage of slavery, an objective which endowed the American mid-century struggle with dignity and meaning; but it was never fulfilled. Dr. Graham reveals to us how, a few short years after the Civil War was over, the original thrust and intent of the wartime Amendments was obliterated from the public mind and erased from the history books. The Fourteenth Amendment, specifically, was done to death

FROM THE DIGGINGS

> In 1919, archaeologists digging among grave mounds along an ancient Roman road in Luxembourg, discovered a crystal phial containing tears shed 2000 years before.

The dust is known and filled with teeth,
dead hairpins, urns, a breastplate scabbed
by preening rot. In the hot drift
the trowels burn, and picks, long-eyed as pelicans,
chip through the dark,
unearthing common things
until, just where the grave swell ends—
a gleam. A wink. A something caught
and stoppered up like withered rain;
salt, grief, and residue intact.

No burgomaster, serf, or slave,
not even archers posed like hail,
possessed such dainty sepulchres.
Some queen or melancholy prince
with sodden lids preserved their paint
in that slim vault—
unless upon one desperate night
a jester stole into his monarch's room
and, armed with crystal, teased a royal ape
until that clanking beast, like any king,
wept from his tiny, blood-swept eyes.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

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by a legal attack initiated in the early 1870s and carried to completion in the final decade of the century.

One thrust of this attack was undertaken by the big corporations, headed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. In *San Mateo* v. *Southern Pacific*, Dr. Graham provides us with a detailed study of one case that illuminates vividly the triumph of the viewpoint that business, not the black man, was intended to be the principal beneficiary of Fourteenth Amendment protection. The Supreme Court was won over to this position with a little help from Mr. Justice Field and from highly paid corporation lawyers like Roscoe Conkling. With the Fourteenth Amendment as their constitutional sanction the courts were soon striking down federal and state laws that set limits to the exploitation of American labor; or that presumed to curb the inhuman conditions under which men, women and children toiled in factory, field and mine.

A second prong of the attack on the Fourteenth Amendment was initiated and carried through by the Supreme Court itself. The black man's constitutional right to full freedom was simply gutted in a series of decisions starting with the *Slaughterhouse Cases* (1872) and culminating with *Berea College* v. *Kentucky* (1907). In this catastrophic series the *Civil Rights Cases* (1883) and *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (1896) were important milestones.

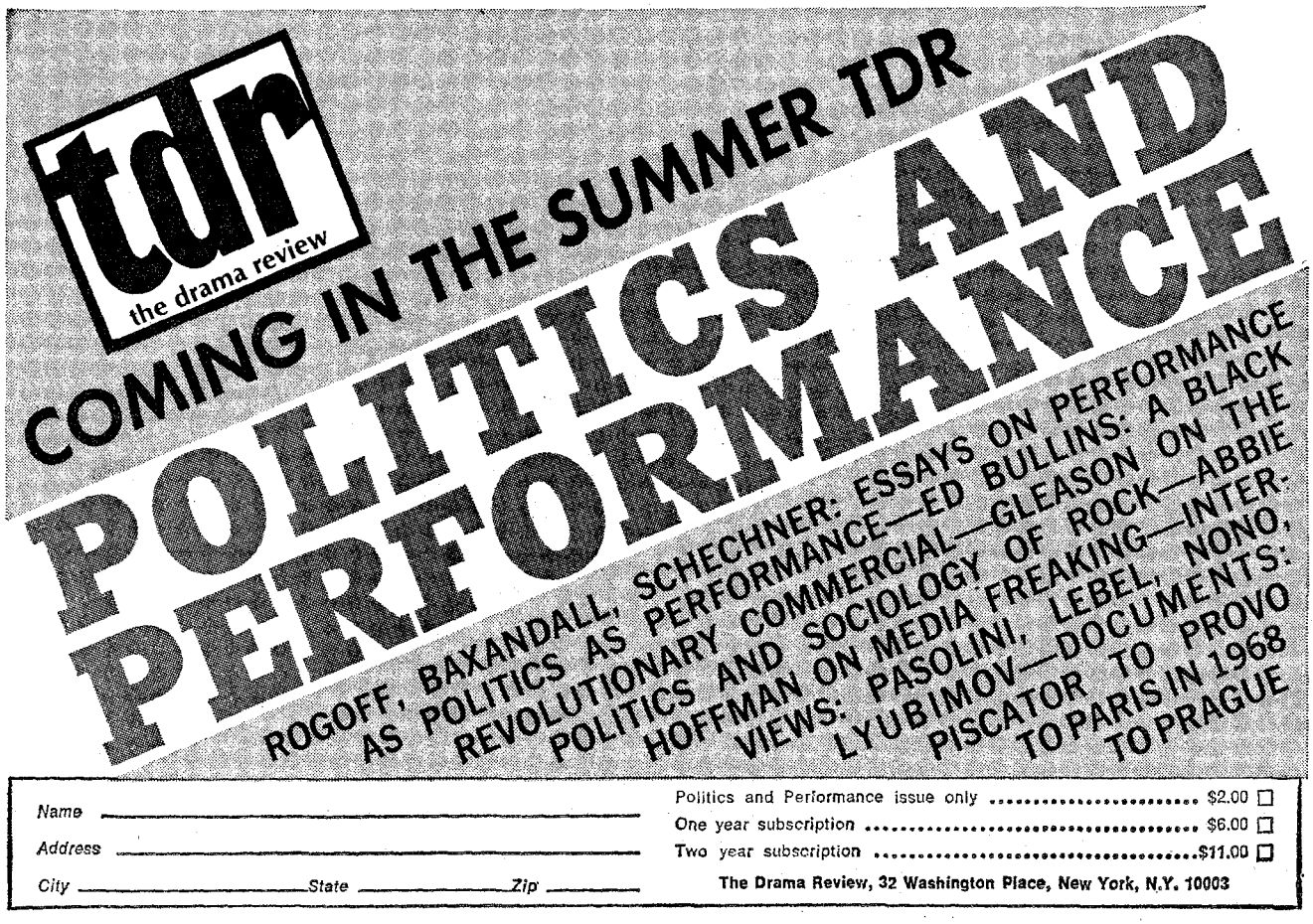
Such decisions spelled out, with cumulative effect, a total renunciation of the federal role in obliterating racism and enforcing the rights of black people—now delivered bound hand and foot to their white tormentors. Honor on the Court remained alone with John Marshall Harlan who, in a series of lucid dissents, never ceased to hold high the true purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment, and to protest its abandonment.

Dr. Graham begins to suggest a reason for all this in one piece entitled "Mr. Justice Field and the Fourteenth Amendment." But he skirts the central question of judicial intent in this scandalous surrender by the bench to the most unscrupulous and immoral forces of the age. "Nine harried Noah's," he calls the members of the Waite Court (1874-88), "in a creaking troubled ark; a forty-year deluge with no relief in sight." Nonetheless it is clear that able and influential legal strategists—Christopher Tiedeman comes immediately to mind—grasped the political value of the Court as a brake on popular initiative in an age of unrest. They gave forceful expression to the concept of the federal judiciary as the champion of vested and racist, rather than popular, interest.

Dr. Graham treats certain aspects of Fourteenth Amendment history exhaustively; but there are gaps in the picture which others will have to fill in. Two essays, "The Conspiracy Theory of the Fourteenth Amendment," and "An Innocent Abroad," are devoted to *San Mateo* v. *Southern Pacific*. No corresponding treatment is meted out to *Prigg* v. *Pennsylvania*, *Dred Scott*, or the *Civil Rights Cases*. But as keys to the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment these cases are every bit as important as *San Mateo*: and, we might add, have received little attention from legal historians.

Important also for a full understanding of the Fourteenth Amendment is the century-long struggle for interracial education that was kicked off by *Crandall* v. *Connecticut* in 1834 and that received its quietus with *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* in 1896. Here Dr. Graham's essay, "The Fourteenth Amendment and School Segregation," does not fulfill the promise of its title. There is no reference at all in the entire book to the "little Dred Scott cases"—*Ward* v. *Flood*, *Garnes* v. *McCann*, *Cory et al* v. *Carter*, *etc.*—through which an important struggle was conducted around the schools issue in the years 1868-74.

To what extent did the Fourteenth



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Amendment revolutionize the status, not only of Afro-Americans but also of the Indian peoples? American citizens, according to the first section of the Amendment, are *all those persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof.* Were all Indian peoples, then, within the continental limits of the United States, American citizens after 1868? This logical question soon thrust the federal courts into a maze of confusion. The dialogue that developed on the constitutional status of the Indians is important to unravel; it casts its own special illumination on the Fourteenth Amendment and contemporary understanding of its meaning. Regrettably this is an area which the author does not investigate.

Dr. Graham's is a pioneer work: his writing points to many paths that others will have to explore. The American Constitution, he says, belongs to "Everyman," that is, to American man in search of freedom and equality. "Everyman" must grasp the Fourteenth Amendment both politically and intellectually. It is a legal weapon that lies to hand in the battle against racism and the quest for democratic survival. Dr. Graham provides, in this context, an indispensable tool.

Left Theatre in India

JAMES V. HATCH

Mr. Hatch is an assistant professor of English at the City College of New York. He has recently visited India, Pakistan and Ceylon on a State Department grant.

Calcutta

Martin Luther King had been shot the day previous to my visit to the Minerva Theatre in Calcutta. The assassination had brought the Communists into the street, displaying their anger before the American Consulate and the USIS office. It was not an auspicious evening to attend their theatre. As my auto edged through the twilight of crowded streets, I shrank down in the back seat. I understood why most Westerners malign Calcutta—it is guilt.

Flying into Dum Dum Airport for a two-day tour, the tourist sees thousands sleeping, cooking, eating, living on the sidewalks; he shrinks from the leprous beggar who presents his noseless face; he panics at the crush of bodies pressing through the street; then he flees, unaware that he has missed the most vital, passionately beautiful people in Asia—the Bengalis. Bengal is the most socially conscious state in India, and Calcutta is the raw political and artistic heart of Bengal. Here is the home of Rabindranath Tagore, Ravi Shankar, Satyajit Ray and the theatre.

Calcutta is the only city in the "world's largest democracy" that supports a professional theatre, a city where it is possible to attend a different play every night, a city where "hungry poets" declaim on street corners, a city where a guerrilla theatre arouses a railway carriage of people with the hoax of rationing rice. The drama critic, Chatterjee, claims that 1,500 play-producing groups are registered on the tax rolls. Even if 1,200 are defunct, theatre is alive and well in Calcutta.

The Minerva Theatre, home of the Little Theatre Group (a lovely euphemism) lies in the "people" part of town. Not the *bustees*, the streets that are lined with mud and bamboo huts with poles that fly the hammer and sickle, but the stone-and-plaster part of town where too many people crowd into tenements.

There are two major Communist parties in India and a number of splintered quarreling factions. The CPI (Marxist) has split from the older parent body in favor of the Chinese political line (anti-Soviet); nevertheless it is still prepared to rely on parliamentary methods to obtain power. The CPI is the strongest political party in the two Left states, Kerala and West Bengal. Recently, however, Peking has become critical of the party, complaining that it was implicated in the suppression of the peasant revolts. This has resulted in the formation of other "extremist" groups, some opposed to parliamentary methods.

As there are a number of Communist "parties," there are several leftist theatre groups. Some play one-night stands at Mukta Angan, a tin-roofed theatre that can be rented by the evening. There I saw an adaptation of Arnold Wesker's *Roots*. Other groups travel about Bengal playing to outdoor audiences. I saw O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* in a schoolyard. Both *Roots* and *Juno* were so completely adapted to Bengali life and characters that they seemed original plays—excellently acted. The most important troupe is the Little Theatre Group which politically is largely pro-Chinese. It is the producer of *Kallol* (a mutiny in the Indian navy); *Angar* (a coal mine disaster); *Invincible Vietnam*, and the drama I was to see, *Teer* (The Arrow)—all propaganda pieces written by Utpal Dutt.

But "who is Dutt?" asked an editor of *The New York Times*. Most American theatre people would ask the same. To say that he is the leading Shakespearean actor and producer in India is to bring a shrug. Some will remember that he played the part of the Rajah in James Ivory's *Shakespeare Wallah*, and the title role in Ivory's *The Guru*, which had a recent run in New York.

However, in India, Dutt is known to all artists as one of the most controversial, talented and political of theatre men. Arrested in Bombay during the filming of *The Guru*, he was returned to prison in Calcutta where Twentieth Century-Fox sweated out a shooting schedule until Dutt agreed to sign a statement that he would not agitate politically. When his Little Theatre colleagues learned of their leader's compromise, they suspended him for six months. Whether Dutt himself is a party member may be as debatable as whether Brecht was one in the 1940s.

Brecht and Shakespeare are the saints of Dutt's group. For the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth it staged *Othello, Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar* in modern dress. Chatterjee, critic on the English language daily, *The Statesman*, acidly remarked that Dutt was out to prove that the Bard was not only socially conscious but an early party member. Dutt is working on a book about social consciousness in Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was Dutt's first theatre discovery. While still a student he saw and joined a traveling company, the one filmed in *Shakespeare Wallah*. Later he learned Bengali, a language which some of his friends declare he does not speak perfectly, although he writes and acts his powerful propaganda pieces in that tongue. A hulk of a man—like Orson Welles—he has huge ears with Indian sculpture lobes, complete with warts. He wears thick glasses, has a strong mouth, heavy lavender lips, and a deep actor's voice with precise articulation. Even his political enemies admit that Dutt "is a brilliant actor . . . if only he didn't write those preaching propaganda plays!" I decided I should see for myself.

The Minerva Theatre was built nearly 150 years ago; its last renovation was in 1923. The house is a three-tiered balcony, like the small oval opera houses of the last century, and seats nearly 600 people without the top deck, which has been condemned. Fifty seats in the center of the house had been ripped out to make room for a ramp that extended through the auditorium more than half the distance to the back wall. This arrangement was borrowed from the tradition of *jatra* (the folk theatre of Bengal). The theatre seats had once been

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red: the cushions had long congealed into lumps. They all sloped forward, throwing one's body toward the floor.

In the few minutes before the curtain, my eyes traveled over the dust of the proscenium, a dust that could never be lifted. In the second balcony I saw a single spotlight with a cardboard hood. Nearly all the lighting was to originate from below and from behind the proscenium. Tapas Sen, the lighting designer, working with no budget and home-rigged equipment, performed miracles.

The theatre filled—men in white dhotis, women in saris, a number of babies and small children held on laps. The play had been running two months, roughly four nights a week plus holidays. The actors—there were thirty-five in this cast including twelve women—were teachers, clerks, workers, who gave their time to the theatre on a semi-professional basis. A drum in the tribal rhythms of the northeastern state of Bengal (Naxalbari) sounded from the rear of the auditorium.

Teer was a living newspaper account of a peasant uprising in Naxalbari, a "tribal" region lying between China and India, an area sensitive to infiltration. The "revolt" had occurred in the autumn: the play was on the boards by late winter. Dutt gathered such facts as the ambush and massacre of village women and children by the police from witnesses and news accounts.

The struggle is one of the hungry and landless against the feudal landlords. In Bengal I heard a chant: "Amarbar [my house]! Tomorbari [your house]! Naxalbari!" This cry is the Communist call for seizure of land, which according to Dutt has already occurred in a number of villages near Calcutta. (Another chant of the hungry is: "Amarnam [my name]! Tomarnam [your name]! Vietnam!")

Suddenly from the rear of the auditorium came the drum, carried by a huge man with bare arms. Following him up the ramp trooped eighteen people from the Calcutta streets whose faces resembled not at all the masky faces of commercial actors.

Standing on the apron, the drummer introduced the play. The characters more or less introduced themselves, amid a great deal of giggling and confusion. I recalled a similar scene at the Lincoln Center production of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*; the actors in New York failed to convince that they were peasants, soldiers, farmers and revolutionaries. It would have been difficult. None had milked a goat, plowed a field; few had swung an ax. The group before me may never have been into the tribal regions of India, and many may not have plowed the land, but all were in touch with the intensely crowded and earthy life of India. And they were a community in their political-social ideals. This cohesion, this feeling of group, made itself felt in a *vérité* style that twenty Equity actors assembled on a Broadway stage could not attain.

The introduction over, the play began its first half, lasting an hour and a half. The opening scene displayed the landlord's verandah, the paymaster's table in the yard, workers, men and women, grouped stage left. The exterior background consisted of trees, huts, bush. This would later break away at the rear to reveal a village, which in turn would break away to reveal an infinity of jungle beyond. Local materials, straw, reeds, bamboo were employed to cut production costs: some scenery was naturalistic, some representative. All décor and lighting were done with care, with such precision, that poverty became a virtue in art.

The opening scene showed the various ruses whereby the landlord sought to withhold payment due the workers. An older woman, blinded by the police, is dispossessed of her land. The landowner looked like Barry Goldwater. Another actor (I think he had studied in East Germany) played a Special Forces Adviser in Westmoreland cap.

The material of the first act was melodramatic, but it was lifted beyond the sentimental by the knowledge in the audience that the events of the play had actually occurred, belief by the actors that what they were doing was important and true, and the fine staging by Guha Roy.

As the exploitation of the peasants continues, police brutality and corruption intensify, starvation begins. The peasants, who have strong codes of honor and family loyalty begin to quarrel and fight among themselves. These scenes were the most "Brechtian" because they revealed causes and effects. A father beats his son for eating the family's small supply of rice, but the boy is starving. A peasant marries a girl who can read, but he does not wish to learn because he is "only a farmer."

Then organizers appear, bringing the word of Lenin, Marx and Mao. The peasants begin to train themselves to fight. They don't understand guns; they hope to use bows and arrows. Finally they attack a convoy of rice. Buoyed by success, they then dispossess the landlord who is allowed to escape with his life. Looting begins, stops. Everything is to be listed and belongs to the revolutionary council. Land is redistributed, education (the words of Lenin and Mao) begins.

Meanwhile the United Front parties of India whip up government action against the robbers, vandals, Communists and Chinese. This scene is done with a black curtain in which there are eight flaps, each framing a face that represents a reactionary point of view. The faces are lit from below and that gives them a grotesque distortion. The lights flash on and off in various combinations of speech and rhythm. The effect: an electric machine controlling the news media controlling the people.

Folk song and music were a regular element of the production. Sometimes live (the drums on stage), sometimes background, sometimes "stingers," used in a manner of the old soap operas—a convention common in people's drama of India and perhaps borrowed from radio or the silent screen.

One scene played in front of the curtain recalled German Expressionism. Center stage was an American with a kit on which was lettered: USA Advance Station: Danang, Vietnam. On either side of him were various Indian police, government officials and landowners. The American spoke of having to fight China as the enemy that must be stopped soon. He said that machines must be shown to be more effective than men and ideas. (Everywhere in India clerks are striking banks and insurance companies against the use of computers.) To the consternation of the adviser, the lights fail: sometimes machines break down.

The play reached its climax in a series of engagements between the revolutionaries and the police. Torture is used, both sides harden. The reactionaries stage a surprise attack, in which the women who were left alone in the village to celebrate a local folk custom are machine-gunned. The audience sucked its breath in horror and shock. The scene was brilliantly staged—the attack begin-

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ning with an actual shotgun blast, followed by machine guns represented by dozens of pin lights from the bushes. Although the revolutionaries are defeated "Westmoreland" is killed. The audience is left with the knowledge that the people will continue the struggle. The Communist Party flag—a red field with a silver hammer and sickle—is displayed over the dead. The audience applauded; they had laughed at the broadly played comic relief scenes, they had sat stone still in the dramatic ones. How much they believed I do not know.

Utpal Dutt is trying to reach a mass audience. His scripts are melodrama. When I saw the mutilation of the girl's breast in his play *Invincible Vietnam*, I shook my head in disbelief. Yet when I saw the photographs of the girl and read the account in a book of how a GI had mutilated her, I accepted it. Dutt faces the problem of verisimilitude. Who would believe an American boy would wantonly cut off a girl's breast? Perhaps most Asians.

Dutt told me that he expects a civil war based on a kind of Communist-Fascist split. He expects it to be most cruel. During our interview, he never relaxed. I never forgot that I was an American, admiring a theatre and an artist who was out to destroy American imperialism as it exists in Asia. The American officials in India must wish that Dutt were on our side. Seeing the dedication of the man and the Little Theatre Group, I wish we were on theirs.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The anti-Castro Cubans in New York have been vociferously picketing Richard Fleischer's "*Che!*" and a small bomb has been tossed into the lobby of one of the theatres where it is being shown. I must suppose that the exiles are expressing discontent with the quality of the picture; the content should scarcely disturb them. As is usual when a big company grapples with a subject it recognizes as controversial, Twentieth Century-Fox has leaned over backward to be "fair"—leaned so far, in fact, that it lands in a thicket of clichés on the side of law and order. Batista was a terrible fellow and Bolivia lies under military rule, but Castro, and particularly Guevara, are the kind of men who out of vanity and arrogance topple the dominoes of world-sweeping Communist imperialism.

If the thesis is simplistic—if an account of Che's ill-conceived and disastrous foray into Bolivia should do more than suggest that he was trying to drive the happy peasants from their mountain Eden—the narrative is trite and the characterizations are wooden. Che, according to this account, was a once idealistic doctor who, infected by the fever of power, became the Robespierre of the Sierra Maestra, manipulating the weak and stupid Castro, and deserting him when he decided that this puppet could not be used to conquer the Western Hemisphere from a Havana Kremlin. Che brought the missiles to Cuba, but Che also sent the Russians home by his insulting contempt for their reluctance to engage the United States in a nuclear war. Torn between his dependence on this monkish butcher and his disinclination to be incinerated. Castro took to the bottle and the distractions of female company. It plays like a soap-opera reconstruction of the last days of Ivan the Terrible, and I came from the theatre wondering if I had somehow missed the news that the feckless Castro had been hounded into squalid exile.

It is true, of course, that Guevara died because he misunderstood the situation into which he plunged. (A voice in the film says that the CIA had no hand in his capture, which stimulated a resounding cry of "Bullshit" from somewhere behind me in the theatre.) True that the Bolivian villagers did not rally to his guerrilla band and very probably acted as informers for the military. But did Che threaten and rob and brutalize the people; did he terrorize women and children when the men hid from him in the jungle? If the film had persuaded me that Castro is a fool, it might have taught me that Che became a monster.

But the characterization of Castro is the most grotesque aspect of the picture. It is never a good idea, except commercially, to have a familiar contemporary figure impersonated by an equally well-known actor, and the decision to cast a performer of the abilities of Jack Palance in such a role suggests an element of dollar cynicism in the project. He is, to put it kindly, a less than intuitive actor, and in this case his "disguise" is the sort that sets border alarms ringing. He is about the right size and weight, but his voice is wrong, his gestures are wrong, his facial expressions are wrong and no amount of cigar chewing or outbursts of "Latin temperament" will produce a suspension of disbelief. Palance looked uncomfortable throughout—he could be seen remembering the Castro trademarks and then dolefully muffing them—and I admired him for his embarrassment. Omar Sharif had an easier time with Che because the appearance and behavior of his man are less well known; it is not his fault that he had to play a stock case of megalomania.

The effect of this film is mischievous and I suspect its motives. Commercial film makers are out for box office, and box office is achieved by reinforcing popular assumptions. Guevara's appreciation of the immediate revolutionary potential in Latin America was wrong, and his death provided the revolutionary impulse now spreading in the world with a martyr whose precepts are often perilously inapplicable to the contexts where they are invoked. But tolerance, understanding and justice are not advanced by ignoring the objective conditions behind large political upheavals and ascribing revolution to the private devils of demented leaders.

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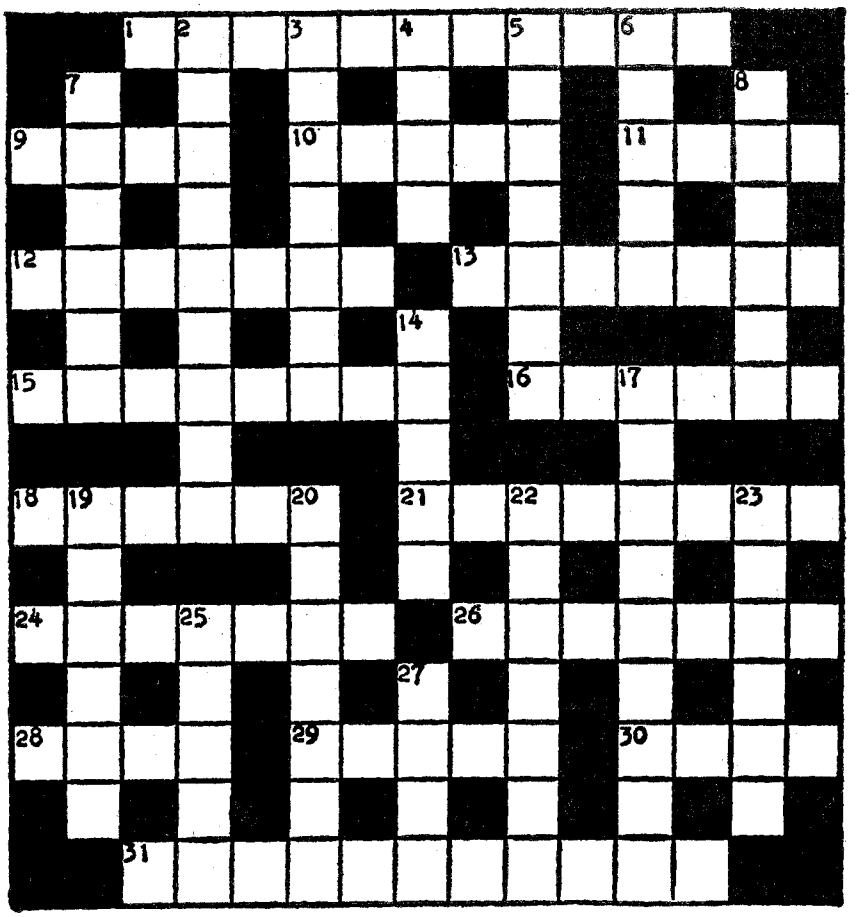
Crossword Puzzle No. 1303

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Gilbert and Sullivan fare is one of the things we might be entitled to. (5,2,4)
9 and 11 Make something out of the letters? Barely, but put into position again. (8)
10 Pawns things in such joints? (5)
11 See 9 across
12 Clementine's father Albert, and what he was looking for? (7)
13 Might we remember him as being poor, even though his beginning was otherwise, and his ending difficult? (7)
15 His profession might be a stirring one. (8)
16 Wrest out of pretext or threat? (6)
18 Baby birds? (6)
21 Take the air about what might be serviceable, in a frustrating way. (8)
24 Record beginning with 13, finally, but reject. (7)
26 What an entertainer might do is about cut off by uncalled-for nasty comments.
28 See 2 down
29 See 4 down
30 29 is called this, in the main. (4)
31 The subject of work may be overdone by this. (7,4)

DOWN

2 and 28 across A radical (one who is permissive) takes time to mark important engagements. (3-6,4)
3 Conflict in that condition should go from side to side. (7)
4 and 29 across One might have to, if in deep and attempting to slow down, when off the beaten track. (4,5)
5 Merely a term for diamonds, according to the magistrate. (7)
6 A rule with expression of wonderment for the prince. (5)
7 One might be doing it for a spell (6)
8 There should be a lot of interest taken in one's business. (6)
14 The general idea of what might happen with cross winds. (5)
17 and 23 They might take the long view of things. (9,6)
19 The first rib always has it relating to the family. (6)
20 Former British crown colony. (7)
22 People might keep them in the office.
23 See 17 down
25 One of those who made the rent, historically. (5)
27 School with an upstanding record. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1302

ACROSS: 1 Balance of trade; 9 Engines; 10 Tableau; 11 and 23 Damsel in distress; 12 Repair; 14 Spondee; 15 Bodes 17 Erred; 19 Emigres; 21 Cantor; 25 Eremite; 26 Arrange; 27 Turns the tables. DOWN: 1 Bread line; 2 Legumes; 3 Nonce word; 4 East Indies; 5 Fits; 6 Ruble; 7 Die-hard; 8 Burr; 13 Debilitate; 15 Barataria; 16 Spinsters; 18 Rondeau; 20 Sternal; 21 Crew; 22 Onion; 24 Bent.

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